

SELECT
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR AUGUST, 1811.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

A View of Spain ; comprising a descriptive Itinerary of each Province, and a general statistical Account of the Country ; including its Population, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Finances ; its Government ; Civil, and Ecclesiastical Establishments ; the State of the Arts, Sciences, and Literature ; its Manners, Customs, Natural History, &c. Translated from the French of Alexander de Laborde. In five volumes. 8vo. 3l. 13s. 6d. Longman & Co. and R. Dulau. 1809.

M. DE LABORDE, the author of this work, is well known in the literary world, and more particularly so by his *Voyage Pittoresque de l'Espagne*, one of the most splendid publications which modern times have produced. The present volumes are a translation of the *Itineraire Descriptif de l'Espagne*, which has been very favourably received in France, and passed through various editions. The two works are said to have cost the author not less than twenty thousand pounds sterling. One inference may be justifiably drawn, from the very great expense to which the traveller went for information, in collecting the materials of his Itineraries, that it was a work which had the sanction of the French Government ; and that it was undertaken and accomplished with a view to the meditated operation of the French armies. Be this as it may, it is beyond a doubt the most accurate and the most satis-

factory account of any country that has, in our recollection, been published. It will also be perceived, that with whatever intentions, or under whatever patronage the undertaking was accomplished, most sedulous pains were taken to excite no jealousy or irritation among any description of Spaniards. The delicate subject of the Monastic Orders, and the still more delicate one of the Inquisition, are introduced and discussed with the extremest caution and circumspection.

This view of Spain extends to five volumes, with an Atlas, forming a sixth, and commences with an elaborate introduction, of which we sincerely hope one of the first paragraphs may be prophetic.

‘ This noble country, which has always been governed by some foreign house, though never conquered by any, always swayed, but never debased, seems to rise with greater vigour, and to derive fresh

lustre from changes which usually cause the decline of empires.'

From the introduction the author proceeds to make remarks on travelling in general, in Spain in particular. These remarks are succeeded by observations on the geography of Spain, or a chronological table of the Kings of Spain, and on its provincial and topographical divisions. The work then commences with a survey of the Province of Catalonia, as entered from Perpignan, on the side of France. It will appear, on examination, that the three first volumes exhibit a descriptive itinerary of this interesting country, and the two last a view of Spain, in what relates to the different branches of government and of political economy. It may be proper to introduce a specimen from each, which will be sufficient to satisfy the reader that we have not mentioned the work in undue terms of commendation.

The account of Tarragona in the first volume, and the character of the Spanish women, in the last, will demonstrate the various talents of the author, and his perfect competency to his undertaking, however diversified, elaborate, and difficult.

'Tarragona, in Latin Tarraco, is one of those famous towns which only recal the remembrance of their former grandeur, and serve as a comparison for the vicissitudes which may fall to the lot of the largest and most populous cities. We shall not stop here to inquire either into its origin or foundation, which some authors have carried back above two thousand years before the Christian era. Be that as it may, it must have been a considerable place before the Romans invaded Spain; and under its new masters its limits extended to the shore and harbours of Salona, which at present is a league and a half distant from them. It became, under the dominion of Rome, the capital of the Tarragonese province, or in other words, Criterior Spain. The town of Tarragona was the residence of the Consuls and the Prætors. The Scipios, Octavius Augustus, and Adrian, made some stay here; its antique walls built by Scipio, were repaired by Adrian; it had all the advantages of Rome itself, an amphitheatre, a circus, palaces, temples, and aqueducts.

In the time of the Emperor Adrian, its circumference was 34,190 fathoms; its population was adequate to its immense size, if what the historian Antonio Augustin says be accurate; he states it at 600,000 families, which would make upwards of 2,500,000 inhabitants. This historian, who lived in the 16th century, complaining of the decline of this illustrious town, grieves that in his days there were only 80,000 families in it, or about 380,000 inhabitants; but Mariana, who was almost contemporary with him, declares that the population of it was not above 7,000 families, and that there were not 2,000 houses in it. Its power first declined under the Goths. Euric, their king, took it in 467, and his soldiers, in revenge for its resistance, destroyed it. It was again sacked by the Moors, who besieged it in 714, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. Louis d'Aquitaine drove out the Moors in the year 805, but they recovered it. Raymond Berenger took it from them in 1150, and repopled it the year following. Having afterwards fallen again under the yoke of the Moors, it was finally rescued from them by *Alfonso el Batallador*, king of Aragon, in 1220. Tarragona is at present reduced in its size to about 1400 fathoms in circumference, a population of 9,000 souls, very ordinary buildings, and almost to a state of poverty.

'*Situation. Extent.* Tarragona is at present situated on an eminence of rocks elevated about seven hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and near the river Francoli. It is surrounded with walls, and has six gates and two castles of little importance, that of the King, and that of the Patriarch.

'*Clergy.* Tarragona is the See of one of the most ancient archbishoprics of Spain; it existed under King Wamba; and was re-established in 1088, by Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, after having expelled the Moors from it. Formerly its jurisdiction extended very far; but it has been diminished by the erection of new superior jurisdictions. At present this See has the bishop of Ivica, and the seven bishops of Catalonia, for suffragans. Its diocese contains a cathedral chapter, and seven hundred and forty parishes; the archbishop has the title of prince of Tarragona; he crowned the Kings of Aragon. The town has only one parish, which is attached to the cathedral; it has monasteries, four nunneries and one house of Beguines of the order of Saint Dominic.

'The cathedral has seven dignitaries, twenty-one canons, twenty-three prebendaries, and forty beneficed clergymen.

'The States-general of Catalonia for

merly assembled in this town, and fifteen councils have been held there; that of 1228 annulled the marriage of James I. King of Aragon, with an infanta of Castile. That of 1240 threatened the archbishop of Toledo with excommunication if he continued to act as primate of Spain. That in 1424 was the most remarkable; the cardinal de Foix, legate of Martin the Fifth, was the president, the object of it was to put an end to the schism which had long divided the church. *Gil sans de Muros*, who had been elected Pope by the cardinals, in obedience of the anti-pope, Bennett the 13th, relinquished the pope-dom, and with his cardinals re-entered into the union of the Roman church.

Hospitals. A general hospital for orphans.

Civil and Military Administration. Tarragona is the chief place of a corregidorat, which contains one hundred and ninety settlements; it has a civil and military governor, a king's lieutenant, a major, a garrison of fifty men, an alcalde major for the administration of justice, a minister of the marine, a port captain, and a board of public economy.

Public instruction. A school for the education of young ladies, and a college for boys.

It likewise had a university, which was founded in 1572 by the archbishop Gaspard de Cervantes; and which was included with the universities of Catalonia, suppressed by Philip the Fifth.

Edifices. The cathedral church is at present the only building which can fix attention, nor is it of a style to detain us long. It is a fine spacious edifice built of freestone, one hundred and seventy feet long, and one hundred and twenty-seven wide, and is divided into a body and two aisles: which are separated by five arches on each side: they are supported by great pillars of an enormous size, on each of which twelve Corinthian columns are clustered; the architecture of the vault is Gothic. The cross of the church is large and opens well, forming a kind of octagon dome, but heavy and without grace; the principal altar is almost entirely formed by the union of several slabs of very fine white marble in demi-relief, representing divers events of the life and death of St. Tecla; the figures being too numerous produce confusion, but there are some parts in detail very pleasing. The chapels are worth inspection, that of St. Francis for two large pictures of him, and that of St. Cecilia for the tomb of Cervantes Tautillo, cardinal and archbishop of Tarragona; that of the Conception for its paintings and

gildings; that of the Holy Sacrament for the tomb of the famous historian Don Antonio Augustin, who was also archbishop of Tarragona, and legate of the Holy See in Spain; that of St. Tecla for its form and decorations all in marble. We go from the church into a great square cloister, which has six large arcades on every side, each of which is divided into three smaller arches; the latter are supported by Doric columns of white marble; their capitals are ornamented with bass-reliefs of great delicacy, representing different things, such as foliage, branches of trees, birds, other animals, figures of infants, of men, and other devices.

Promenades. There is nothing pleasant in the town except its situation; in other respects it is very gloomy, without pleasures, society, or public amusements; the streets are narrow, short, crooked, and frequently hilly; the houses are ill built, with the exception of a small number, which look well enough. There are no squares, fountains, wells, or promenades; those in which they walk do not deserve this name, being only a beaten road on one side of it, and a kind of terrace, very short, which looks over the sea; both are without trees, or any other cover. Within fifteen years a large street has been built leading to the gate of San-Carlos: it is very long, broad, straight, and contains some fine buildings.

Climate. Tarragona has a fine sky, and the climate is temperate, but rather warm than cold. There are frequently violent winds here. Provisions are good, the fruits are delicious, and the wine excellent, but strong. The town had no fountain or well water; the inhabitants were reduced to drink cistern water, which was commonly bad, when the last archbishop built a superb aqueduct, which conveys excellent water to the town. This aqueduct is partly built on the ruins of a similar work erected by the Romans.

We have already spoken of the several sieges which Tarragona formerly sustained: since then, this town, revolting with the rest of Catalonia against Philip IV. was besieged and taken by the troops of its sovereign in 1640. Four years after, it was besieged by the French, who were forced to raise the blockade; at the beginning of the 18th century it followed the Austrian party; gave itself up in 1705 to the Archduke, and opened its gates to the English troops, who, after the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, set fire to the town when they left it. This conflagration destroyed a part of the buildings and forti-

fications. This was the period of the total decline of Tarragona: it is now beginning to recover itself.

'The new port, the building of which was begun seven or eight years ago, and which will be one of the finest in the Mediterranean, must necessarily contribute to the prosperity of Tarragona; it will make it an important fortified town, and one of a profitable commerce.' Vol. i, p. 92.

The above extract is sufficient to prove the minute and careful inquiries which the author directed to every subject he has undertaken to elucidate, while talents of a different kind are displayed in the specimen of his work hereafter exhibited. The one satisfies us that every production of ancient and modern history has been carefully explored; the progressive changes which time has introduced, defined and illustrated; all local peculiarities and present condition and circumstances of the place described, examined with acute attention, and represented with great ability. When the character of the people is delineated, it is impossible not to see and acknowledge profound and philosophic reflection: we meet with no levity or frivolity of remark, but a spirit of frankness, candour, and good sense, anxious at the same time neither to violate the dignity of truth, nor to be subject to the suspicion of misrepresentation and prejudice. It would have much pleased us to have inserted the whole of M. Laborde's observations on the Spanish character, which is certainly delineated with a masterly hand; but we must content ourselves with inserting what he says on the Spanish women, which is thus introduced:

'The Spaniards are generally rather below than above the middle stature. They are taller in the provinces near the ocean and the Pyrenees, especially in Catalonia, Aragon, and Galicia; provinces which furnish a well-made, large, and well-proportioned race of men, and smaller in the two Castiles and Leon.

'The Spaniards are usually represented as lean, dry, meagre, and of a yellow and swarthy complexion. They are not indeed of the gross habit usually observed in the

inhabitants of the north; but their thinness is neither excessive nor disagreeable; it is suitable to their stature. Their complexion is swarthy in some provinces; those, for instance, of the south; it is so also, but in a less degree, in the Castiles, though a shade brighter in New than in Old Castile. It inclines to yellow or olive, in the kingdom of Murcia, but white skins are still very common in Spain, especially amongst women and children.

'The general appearance of the Spaniards is usually very good; the shape delicate, the head beautiful, the countenance intelligent; their eyes are quick and animated, their features regular, their teeth even.

'The Castilians appear delicate, but they are strong. The Galicians are large, nervous, robust, and able to endure fatigue. The inhabitants of Estramadura are strong, stout, and well-made, but more swarthy than any other Spaniards. The Andalusians are light, slender, and perfectly well-proportioned. The Murcians are gloomy, indolent, and heavy; their complexion is pale, and often almost lead-coloured. The Valencians are delicate, slight, and effeminate; but intelligent, and active in labour. The Catalans are nervous, strong, active, intelligent, indefatigable, and above the middling stature. The Aragonese are tall and well-made; as robust, but less active than the Catalans. The Biscayans are strong, vigorous, agile, and gay; their complexion is fine, their expression quick, animated, laughing, and open; the Roman historians describe them as brave, robust, endowed with constancy and a firmness not to be shaken; fierce in their disposition, singular in their customs; always armed with daggers, and ready to give themselves death rather than suffer themselves to be subjugated or governed by force; roused to opposition by obstacles, and patient of labours and fatigue. In fact, the Calabrians were the Spanish people who longest resisted the arms of the Roman republic.

'The Spanish women here deserve a separate article; compared with the men, they seem to form a different nation.

'The females of Spain are naturally beautiful, and owe nothing to art. The greater part are brown; the few that are fair are chiefly to be found in Biscay. They are in general well-proportioned, with a slender and delicate shape, small feet, well-shaped legs, a face of a fine oval, black or rich brown hair, a mouth neither large nor small, but agreeable, red lips; white and well-set teeth, which they do

not long preserve, however, owing to the little care they take of them. They have large and open eyes, usually black or dark hazel, delicate and regular features, a peculiar suppleness, and a charming natural grace in their motions, with a pleasing and expressive gesture. Their countenances are open, and full of truth and intelligence; their look is gentle, animated, expressive; their smile agreeable; they are naturally pale, but this paleness seems to vanish under the brilliancy and expressive lustre of their eyes. They are full of graces, which appear in their discourse, in their looks, their gestures, in all their motions, and every thing that they do. They have usually a kind of embarrassed and heedless manner, which does not fail, however, to seduce, even more, perhaps than wit and talents. Their countenance is modest, but expressive. There is a certain simplicity in all they do, which sometimes gives them a rustic, and sometimes a bold air, but the charm of which is inexpressible. As soon as they get a little acquainted with you, and have overcome their first embarrassment, they express themselves with ease: their discourse is full of choice expressions, at once delicate and noble; their conversation is lively, easy, and possesses a natural gaiety peculiar to themselves. They seldom read and write, but the little that they read they profit by, and the little that they write is correct and concise.

'They are of a warm disposition; their passions are violent, and their imagination ardent; but they are generous, kind, and true, and capable of sincere attachment.

'With them, as with the women of other countries, love is the chief business of life; but with them it is a deep feeling, a passion, and not, as in some other parts, an effect of self-love, of vanity, of coquetry, or of the rivalries of society. When the Spanish women love, they love deeply and long; but they also require a constant assiduity, and a complete dependence. Naturally reserved and modest, they are then jealous and impetuous. They are capable of making any sacrifices; but they also exact them. On these occasions they discover all the energy of their character; and the women of no other nation can compare with them in this point. The Castilian women excel all the rest in love. There are many shades of difference in the manner in which this passion is displayed by the females of different provinces. Those of Castile have more tenderness and sensibility; the Biscayans are more ardent; the Valencians and Ca-

talans more impetuous; the Aragonese most exacting and imperious; the Andalusian women most adroit and seducing; but the general disposition is nearly the same in all.

'There is a freedom in the manners and conversation of the Spanish women, which causes them to be judged unfavourably of by strangers; but on further acquaintance a man perceives that they appear to promise more than they grant, and that they do not even permit those freedoms which most women of other countries think there is no harm in allowing. A modern traveller who is sometimes severe, often hasty in his judgments, has anticipated me in this remark; but he deduces from it an inference unfavourable to the Spanish women. "Feeling (says he) their own weakness, and knowing how inflammable they are, they are distrustful of themselves, and fear they should yield too easily." This is supposing them very abandoned, and very calculating, and they are neither the one nor the other. This reserve belongs to their notions and manners; it sometimes proceeds from the embarrassment of which we have spoken, and oftener from their ideas of love, which forbid them to grant their favours by halves, or to employ that coquetry so common among the women of other countries.

'If the Spanish ladies are agreeable, if they are sometimes well-informed, they owe it only to themselves, and in no degree to their education, which is almost totally neglected. If their native qualities were polished and unfolded by a careful instruction, they would become but too seductive.' Vol. v. p. 265.

It might have been very possible to have substituted other extracts still more creditable to the original author, and exhibiting still more satisfactory evidence of elaborate research, combined with circumstantial detail and elegant observation. But enough, it should seem, must have been done to convince the reader that the translator has introduced a work into our language far above the ordinary level. He is on this account entitled to our thanks, even if he had not merited, which he certainly does, much and great commendation for the spirit, elegance, and, we question not, the fidelity of his version. We learn that some few, but very pardonable, liberties,

have been taken with the original. The English ear has not been disgusted with the fulsome panegyrics on a Joseph Buonaparte. A chapter comparing the Spanish and French languages has been judiciously abridged; and a chapter on Natural His-

tory has received some additions and corrections. Some notes also, of necessary explanation have been added. The Atlas has the merit of great perspicuity and neatness; and the whole is a useful and agreeable addition to English Literature.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Narrative of a Voyage to Surinam; of a Residence there during 1805, 1806, and 1807; and of the author's return to Europe by the way of North America. By Baron Albert Von Sack, Chamberlain to his Prussian Majesty. 4to. pp. 282. 11. 7s. Boards. Nicol and Son. 1810.

THE Baron Von Sack has here presented the reader with the result of observations made in the course of an extensive tour, without any pretensions to extraordinary profundity or acuteness, but with great good sense, and in a style which does not assume the merit of polished elegance, but commands by its simplicity the fullest confidence in all the author's statements. We think that he has laid the English public under considerable obligations, for the intelligence which he imparts respecting a valuable settlement that has not, perhaps, hitherto obtained all the attention that is due to it; and we ought certainly to thank him for removing one prejudice, which has probably deterred strangers from visiting Surinam, inasmuch as he has exhibited in his own person an example of beneficial effects produced on the health, by a residence in the atmosphere of that long calumniated colony.

In pursuance of medical advice, the Baron left Madeira, where the winds were occasionally too severe for the delicate state of his lungs, and took his passage for Surinam in December 1804. In the course of his voyage he had the misfortune to be captured by a French privateer, and was carried to Martinico; whence he afterward procured an opportunity of

reaching Barbadoes. His remarks, however, on the situation of these two islands need not detain us, because he could make only a superficial survey of them. He quitted Barbadoes in April, 1805, and, after more alarms of capture, which were happily unfounded, he arrived, towards the close of that month, in the Surinam river, highly pleased with the general aspect of this part of the coast of Guiana, and attracted by the handsome appearance of the principal town in the colony Paramaribo. Here he was no sooner settled in a comfortable residence, and introduced to a circle of acquaintance, than he began to make various excursions into the neighbouring district, for the purpose of acquiring information. He appears to have experienced great hospitality and kindness wherever he went: but as his tours were desultory, and his statements are miscellaneous, (being arranged under no regular heads, but conveyed in letters to friends in Europe, in the order of time in which the several objects were presented to his notice,) we shall content ourselves with selecting a few of the particulars which have struck our minds most forcibly as entitled to attention.

In his first journey to the Commewyne, the author informs us that the

species of cotton cultivated in this colony passes generally under the denomination of shrub-cotton, and that each plant produces from half a pound to a pound annually in the two crops. An acre of land is said to contain about three hundred bushes; and a labouring negro of the first class can manage two acres. It is added, however, that the cotton-mills are all built according to the first imperfect invention; and the negroes are obliged to turn the cylinders by the constant motion of their feet alternately on treddles, which are attached by cords to the cylinders. A model of a much more ingenious contrivance, received from North America, was deemed too complicated in its mechanism to be even tried: but the Baron is clearly of opinion that a very slight alteration in the existing machinery, assisted by the strong sea-breezes which constantly prevail, would produce a very considerable abridgment of human labour, and answer every purpose with equal efficacy.

M. Von Sack's second excursion was to Bluebergh; and in sailing up the Surinam river, he saw with surprise an unfinished canal, connecting that river with the Saramacca; a project which we should have supposed unlikely to prosper in a country so well provided with natural means of water-carriage, though a different opinion appears to be entertained in this volume. Indeed, its failure would be sufficiently explained by the strange fancy that has been adopted of cutting it in a zigzag direction, instead of a straight line.—Most of the plantations on the river Surinam produce coffee and sugar; and we extract the description here given of the former:

'The Coffee of Surinam is suffered to grow in three stems from the root, and when one of them does not produce plenty of berries, it is cut away, and the best shoot in appearance nearest the root is allowed to grow in its room. The trees are not permitted to grow higher than about five feet, so that the negroes can very easily pluck the berries, for gathering which there are two seasons, the one in May or the beginning of June, and the other in October or the beginning of November.* I have to observe that they often pluck the berries of unequal ripeness, which must greatly injure the quality of the coffee. It is true, when the coffee is washed, the berries which float on the water are separated from the others; but they are only those of the worst quality, or broken pieces, while the half ripe beans remain at the bottom with the best. Now in the description which travellers in Arabia give of the method of gathering coffee there, it is said that the tree is suffered to grow to its natural height, and the berries are gathered by shaking the tree and making them fall on mats placed for them. By this way the Arabians gather only the beans perfectly ripe at the time, and which must give the coffee a more delicate flavour. Happening to mention this circumstance to a director, he replied, that too much time would be lost in gathering all the berries from the trees by this method, and therefore the further preparation of the beans would be too much retarded. Not being a practical planter myself, I am not able to judge how far it might be done without suffering the inconvenience. It is certain that by plucking from the trees the negroes cannot pay the attention necessary to get the ripe ones only, as the berries are sometimes quite red on one side and in an unripe state on the other.

'For all that you may have read of the fine appearance of a coffee plantation, the sight of it would far surpass your expectation; nothing can exceed the beauty of the walks planted with coffee trees, from their pyramidical shape, and from their glossy dark green leaves shining with great brightness, amongst which are hanging the scarlet coloured berries.'

* 'A tree will yield each time on an average from one pound to a pound and a half of coffee when pulped and perfectly dried. An acre of land planted with coffee, when favoured by the weather, becomes more profitable than when it is planted with sugar canes; but its crops are always very precarious, as the blossoms and even the berries are sometimes damaged by the heavy rains, which are much less injurious to sugar-canes; wherefore a planter feels himself best secured in his revenue as soon as he is able to cultivate them both.'

The merits of the sugar-cane are not forgotten:—its vivid green colour, reminding the spectator of the freshness of spring in Europe, —its grateful relish to almost all descriptions of animals, —its nutritious and wholesome qualities, exemplified in the health and plumpness of the negroes even during the incessant toil of the harvest, —and its salutary power of cleansing the blood, to which the extinction of leprosy among us is ascribed. The construction of the sugar-mills is also praised, and they have the advantage of being worked by water. The cacao cultivated on the banks of the river is said to be of indifferent quality.

An occurrence on this journey, which exhibits the frail and fearful tenure by which European superiority is maintained in the new world, shall be related in the author's own language:

• We were now far advanced on our journey when the tide turned; on which Mr. S. told his rowers that this was quite unexpected to him, as he had never been here before, nor had he any acquaintance where he could stay the night; and as the plantation of Bluebergh was not far off, he hoped that they would not be discouraged or feel any unwillingness in rowing a short distance against the stream, and he would give them a dance when they arrived at Bluebergh. The rowing against tide or stream never made any difference when Capt. Stedman was at Surinam; but of late the planters, from motives of humanity, have discontinued this practice, and we should not have required it, but have been provided with a letter to enable us to procure a habitation for the night, had it occurred to Mr. S. that the tide would fail us here. Our negroes gave no answer, but their eyebrows were knit, their foreheads became very much wrinkled, and they looked at each other with very expressive countenances. Mr. S. was engaged in conversation with a director who was accompanying us, but I could not help observing the negroes, in whose humour a great alteration had evidently taken place. After rowing about ten minutes in the most profound silence, they began a song, which was not in the Surinam negro language, but in their own native African tongue, which of course was

understood by none in the barge but themselves. The tune was harsh and the words short, as if they were oppressed by the lips. I looked attentively towards them, with a view of reading in their countenances the meaning of the song, not without some feelings of apprehension, as evening was fast approaching, and we were in a part of the country where the dwelling houses of the plantations were very thinly scattered, and the banks of the river were covered with forests, which, though appropriated to various plantations, still remained in all their native wildness; added to which, we were at no great distance from the habitations of the bush-negroes, a circumstance which appeared peculiarly important to me at the moment, when I recollected the dreadful scenes that had taken place when these negroes first rose upon their masters. But their song was soon finished, and we shortly after arrived at Bluebergh, where Mr. S. kept his word with them, and gave them a dance, and they became perfectly happy. Since my return to Paramaribo, I have been assured that the negroes here have obtained, at several times, information of the revolt at St. Domingo from those who have gone as servants with their masters to Europe, where they learn all that has passed, and relate it again when they return to the colonies. But it seems the negroes at Surinam have not had any such accounts of late, for the revived name of Hayti, by which St. Domingo is called at present, is not known here amongst them.

Notwithstanding the concluding remark, there appears to be great reason for alarm to the white inhabitants of Surinam, in the independence of certain formidable black tribes, passing under the denomination of *Bush-negroes*, who look down with extreme contempt on their laborious brethren of the plantations, but might very probably foment their occasional jealousies into open rebellion. The Arrawouke Indians are also very odious neighbours: but in the midst of these extensive plains, at the distance of about sixty miles from Paramaribo, we are astonished to find ourselves suddenly transported into the midst of a Jewish society of considerable numbers, derived from Portuguese Jews, invited to settle by the Dutch government; and who,

after having devoted themselves for some years to agriculture, have at length adopted those habits of commercial speculation for which they have been at all times distinguished. Their principal village is described as very populous, and passes under the name of the Jews' Savannah.

Like many other persons who have resided in the West Indies, and spent their time pleasantly at the hospitable board of the planters, Baron Von Sack entertains great doubts of the propriety of abolishing the slave-trade; and as the act for effecting that great purpose was carried in the English parliament during his stay in Surinam, he very naturally indulges in some reflections on it. His arguments are far from having altered any of our well-known opinions on this important subject, which we do not feel it necessary again to discuss on the present occasion; contenting ourselves with observing that the doctrines from which we here dissent, are advanced with singular modesty, and that they receive in our judgment a short, but irresistible answer, from some of the unquestionable facts, related in other parts of the volume. To the waste of negro-labour in the preparation of cotton for manufacture, we have already alluded: it appears at p. 102, that the labour of the same class of men is equally disregarded in the sowing-cultivation of that prime article; and in the same page it is broadly admitted not only that cacao and indigo are sown in this toilsome and unthrifty manner, but even that the negroes employed in extracting the colour from the latter plant (which must first be reduced to a state of putrefaction) frequently become ill, and sometimes die. The want of cattle and of agricultural utensils, is likewise the subject of complaint, as producing too severe a demand on the strength of the working negroes; and the females, during the absence of the planters, who certainly appear to establish many good general regulations respecting the

care of their slaves, often miscarry, either from the little care which they take of themselves, or '*from their not having been sufficiently indulged in the article of labour.*' (p. 108.) Is it not obvious that, when the planter's interest to encourage the breed of negroes shall be permanently increased by a complete prohibition of the importation of fresh slaves from the coast of Africa, these various causes of the destruction of their population will, because they *must* be removed.

The favourable report made in this volume, respecting the salubrity of the climate of Surinam, has been already mentioned by us: but in this respect a considerable change is said to have arisen within the short period of twenty years; and the older inhabitants speak of diseases now happily forgotten, as having been prevalent within their recollection; attributing this wholesome alteration to the admission of free currents of air, occasioned by swamps drained and forests cleared away.—The year is divided into two wet and two dry seasons. Light and refreshing showers begin to fall about the middle of June, when the rain descends in torrents till the end of that month. In July its violence is greatly mitigated; and the long dry season begins in August and lasts till November. December and January constitute the short rainy season; while February and March form the short dry period. The changes in the weather are always gradual, the highest degree of heat experienced by the author having been 91° by Fahrenheit, the lowest 75°; and at that time when the heat might naturally be expected to be most oppressive, the sea-breezes produced a constant affusion of cool and delightful air from ten in the morning till five in the evening. Various instances of longevity are recited; but the new comer from Europe is repeatedly cautioned against the dangerous hospitality of his thoughtless and warm-hearted hosts.

We are compelled to take only a

brief notice of the author's various and instructive observations in natural history. The cameleon of these parts, commonly called here the agamma, is considered as having no power to assume any other colours than the brown and the green; by means of both which it is enabled to elude pursuit, being confounded in the one case with the bark of trees, and in the other with their leaves. Its changes are wonderfully rapid, and its verdant hue is often surprisingly vivid. The head sometimes is seen of a dull blue colour. Its capability of abstaining from nourishment, like other cold-blooded animals which lose nothing by perspiration, gives some foundation to the fable of its living on air.

The country surrounding Surinam produces two species of the Sloth; of which the *three-toed*, or the sheep-sloth, so called from the curliness of its grey hair, resembling moss, and concealing it among the trees, is the most remarkable. The proverbial laziness of this loathsome creature is here imputed to its being a nocturnal animal, very unwilling to be disturbed in the enjoyment of that repose which nature prompts it to take in the day-time. Baron Von Sack saw one of them climb a tree with tolerable nimbleness at the approach of evening; and he discovered that the Sloth ruminates, is possessed of four stomachs, and can go without sustenance forty days.

Of the varieties of the Monkey tribe, some are domesticated in families, and all have established a certain claim to the sympathy and reluctant familiarity of man. When a sportsman levelled his musquet at a *Quatta*, the creature erected itself, and cried "Ho! ho!" in a manner so nearly in imitation of the human species, that the gunner was instantly disarmed. The Baron offered a large reward to a mulatto hunter, if he would procure him a howling Baboon, or Rattler; and the mulatto, in enu-

merating the difficulties of his task, gravely observed, "when the baboon is sitting and *preaching* before the others, I would not shoot him." Some of the monkies called Sapajous make as much use of their prehensile tails, as an elephant does of his proboscis; and one particular species, the Keesee-keesee, is a great favourite with the ladies of Paramaribo, who are accused of a strange practice, in carrying occasionally a *lizard* in their bosom for the sake of coolness. These animals are very numerous; one sort, called the *Cayman*, grows to the length of five feet, and is honoured by the title of Crocodile; and the *Eguanna* is esteemed the most delicious animal-food that is produced in the colony.

In June 1807, the author quitted Surinam for the United States, where he visited most of the principal cities. That of Washington does not appear to have made a progress proportioned to the advantages of its situation: but we imagine that the cause here assigned for its backward state of improvement, viz. that speculators had raised the price of the ground to a ruinous extent, cannot long continue to operate. The navy-yard and the store-houses are said to be the most forward buildings in the city; the situations of the capitol and the President's house, though inconveniently distant from each other, are described as very fine, and commanding noble prospects; they are built of hewn stone, but their architecture does not receive a very decided eulogy. Hackney-coaches are established in this town, but subject to a curious regulation, by which they admit as many persons as they have seats, like stage-coaches; and the passengers are driven to their several points of destination, according to the order of time in which their places were secured.

When at Washington, the traveller could not refrain from visiting the residence of that illustrious man to

whom that city is indebted for its name, and the republic for its existence.

'Mount Vernon is in a most beautiful situation on the river Potomac, which is here esteemed nearly two miles wide, and the mountain is considered about two hundred yards above the level of the river, which gives it a very extensive view. The house of the late General Washington is of wood, two stories high, with a lofty portico, shading both stories, and supported by eight pillars; a wing of one story high is attached to each side of the house. In front is a park laid out in the modern European style. The present possessor of Mount Vernon, Bushrod Washington, Esq. nephew to the late General, was on a visit in the neighbourhood; but the gardener showed me the interior parts of the house. It consists of one large apartment, and some smaller adjacent; the furniture has been changed since the death of the General, but there are two objects left in the place where they had originally been deposited, and afford room enough for much contemplation; the first is the portrait of Louis XVI, sent by himself to General Washington; and the second is the key of the Bastille, sent by the National Convention to him when he was President.

'All I could learn from the old servant of the General confirmed that George Washington mostly preferred a private life, and only accepted a public place at the great solicitation of his countrymen.

'I went to visit his remains in the place of interment; the coffin stands in a vault built of brick, and in the most simple style, but it is expected that when the spirit of parties shall have more evaporated, the nation will unanimously vote him a suitable monument as a testimony of public gratitude.'

On his return to Philadelphia, the Baron was tempted to inspect the gaol, to which he pays the tribute of his applause. From the extraordinary fact that some of the convicts in the solitary cells were infected with the yellow fever, he is led to infer, that this disease must in all probability derive its origin from some permanent cause; and he believes that cause, both at Philadelphia and New York, to be the imperfect drainage of the swamps. Many of his remarks on that fatal pestilence are deserving of attention.

The expense of travelling in America, as exemplified in a very striking instance, is lamented by the author with a *naiveté*, of which we could produce other specimens:

'Travelling is here very expensive; in the hotels they charge for the day of arrival as a full day, though the passenger comes very late, and also at the departure they charge the same, though you set off ever so early; therefore in spending two days in a place, the bill is to be paid for four days; and as here are always at breakfast besides tea and coffee, meat and other solid dishes; and as the supper also consists in different dishes, the bill, by this means, becomes very considerable; and though, in consideration of my health, I never partook of this sort of breakfast and supper, they charged me not only for them, but made me also pay for the milk and fruit which I had instead of them. Though paying for the room a whole day, when we do not stay so long, is not to be objected to, yet it is certainly an imposition to pay for dinners and suppers which must be paid for again on the road. But being angry, and disputing with many landlords is worse still, and therefore it is better to submit to their demands.'

The reader will not wonder that these accumulated demands exhausted the purse and tried the credit of the Baron; who however encountered and overcame all his difficulties with the same spirit of philosophy and good humour.—We fancied ourselves on the eve of parting company with him, and that nothing remained for us but to announce his safe arrival in Europe, when our leisurely perusal of the few remaining pages received a sudden shock from a very striking and even poetical picture, though not in a perfectly correct taste, of an alarming storm, which threatened the packet from New York to Liebon.

'One day the weather became particularly severe, though when the sun rose the sky had its usual lapis lazuli colour; but some heavy clouds appeared in the north-west which gradually increased, and spreading over the horizon, involved the rays of the sun, which now appeared through the mist as an enormous red glowing fire-ball; the mournful tune of the tempest was heard in the rigging; the

ocean changed its colour to a dead marble grey; the waves were rising in different forms as so many sepulchres, and the strength with which they dashed against the vessel made them appear like solid rocks; by the increase of the hurricane they assumed the shape of mountains, on which the foam appeared like the snowy tops of the Alps: the ship was shaken through all her parts; and by the combat of the two powerful elements, our neutral habitation was almost dashed to pieces.*

We rejoice to be able to conclude our review by stating that the author escaped from all his perils, and was safely landed at Lisbon in the month of November. His work will be to many readers very acceptable, and not the less on account of some handsome engravings by which it is illustrated.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Reise um die Welt, &c. Voyage round the World, in the Years 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806, by order of his Majesty Alexander I. by the vessels the *Nadesdha* and *Neva*, commanded by A. J. Krusenstern, Captain in the Imperial Navy. Vol. I. large Qto. Petersburg. From the Printing-Office of the Imperial Academy. 1810.

TWO editions of this work are publishing at the same time: one in the Russian language, the other in the German. Each will make three volumes, in quarto, with about a hundred plates, and accompanying maps and charts.

Our readers may see in our Literary Register, under the head of Foreign Articles, further particulars of the peculiar circumstances which have excited, to an uncommonly high degree, the public curiosity on the Continent, towards the narrative of the Russian Captain Krusenstern's Voyage round the World, the first volume of which has hitherto been only *privately* published, in the German language. As the author has sent a few copies to crowned heads, and eminent persons, the longings of those *literati* who have had no opportunity of perusing it, and of the public at large, to whom it is mentioned with address, confidentially, induce them to consider this work, as of the first importance; according to the proverb, *omne ignoto pro magnifico*. That to which the Continent attaches the greatest interest may not prove

equally extraordinary to our countrymen when it shall be familiarized among them: however, we conceive that in extending a knowledge of the contents of a part of it, on the authority of a foreign communication, we contribute to gratify the curiosity (as we consult the information) of the British public. We regret the imperfection of this article—but in the present state of intercourse with the Continent, what can we do?

It is well known that Captain Krusenstern sailed from the Baltic, was assisted in England, reached Canton and Nangasaki, where the chief purpose of his voyage failed. He afterwards sailed for Kamtschatka; inspected the establishments for the fur trade, and returned home to Petersburg in safety.* The motives for this voyage, are stated in the subsequent article.

The difficulties which cannot but attend a naval power that is half the year frozen up, in every port, as the Baltic is, and whose vessels *must* pass by a very narrow outlet into the Ocean, are most circumstantially conspicuous in Russia. The attempt

* Compare Panorama, Vol. I. p. 167, 207, 329, in which an epitome of the voyage is inserted. VIII. p. 749.

to form a communication by sea with her distant colonies is most hazardous, and liable to interruption from a thousand different causes. Among these the superiority of the British power on the Ocean, and the necessity of soliciting permission from this power, cannot but strike the most heedless observer. Thus we find, that the obstacles to the maritime greatness of Russia are formidable, as well naturally as politically.

We must also call the attention of the public to the fact, that the Russian navy did not possess a vessel proper for the purposes of a voyage expected to be of long duration, and extending through a diversity of climates. Britain furnished ships: we believe too, that Britain furnished *experience*, and information. Unquestionably, the way had been explored by Cooke, by Vancouver, and by other British worthies. This first voyage of the Russians will probably be the last. It has answered no important state purpose, that is known:—and indeed, a nation which in so long a course must put into the ports of strangers, on all occasions (having no settlement of its own in the passage, out or home) labours under numerous disadvantages, and incurs much extra, if not excessive expense. It is at the mercy of agents and foreigners, over whom it has no controul. The disappointment of Captain K. in that part of the present voyage, which we now offer, justifies those navigators who have taken a different course in search of supplies and stores for sea provision. But, as a recommendation to general readers, the work introduces a race of men little known before; and adds to their knowledge of the history of our species. We see the rudiments of polity, but in a savage state: a king, to whom little obedience is paid: societies, formed on the principle of seclusion; but certainly capable of emulation and rivalry: the female sex, remitted to their solitary meal, and encircled by a prohibition from the most nutritious food:

together with an explicit acknowledgment of cannibalism, practised without remorse, and merely for the purpose of gratifying a preposterous appetite. Proofs of this practice have lately multiplied upon us so rapidly, that we restrain those observations to which this inhuman custom naturally gives occasion. It is enough that we merely hint at them. Our knowledge of the number of Europeans now scattered throughout the islands of the South Sea, is increased by the incidents mentioned by Captain K.—this may hereafter be found to have had an influence in producing *variations* in the manners of the islanders; and therefore we are pleased that the records of such instances which are likely to reach posterity, are unexceptionable.

After these introductory remarks we proceed to the communication itself.

The first volume contains that part of the narration which includes from the beginning of the voyage to the arrival at Nangaski: comprizing about two years, from August 1803 to August 1805.

The principal design of the undertaking, was to establish a communication between the Eastern and Western provinces of the widely spreading empire of Russia, by means of the Ocean. This communication was the more desirable, as it would facilitate a valuable commerce in the furs, and other productions of the Aleutian and Kurile islands, with China and Japan. This was not the first expedition of the kind that had been projected by the Court of Russia. Such an intercourse must have been long wished for; and the discoveries of the immortal Cooke had contributed greatly to facilitate it. In 1786, a similar undertaking, to be commanded by Captain Mulofsky, was interrupted by the death of that officer, who was killed in a naval engagement against the Swedes.

That commerce in furs, which excited Russian emulation, had been

since 1785 in possession of an American company, directed by a Russian dealer named Schelikoff. The principal establishment of this company was in the island of Kodjak, a central point between the Aleutian islands, Kamtschatka, and America: the seat of the administration was at Irkutsk, a city on the Continent of Asia, belonging to Russia, which by its situation was favourable to the communication between the Eastern districts of Russia in Asia, and the Western districts of the same empire, in Europe.

This company though public by association, had never been formally sanctioned under the Russian government; and the multiplied complaints which were made at court, on the subject of the tyrannical and vexatious conduct of the society and its agents towards the islanders, had so far alienated the opinion of the emperor Paul, that he was on the point of dissolving the company. M. de Resanoff, who had an interest in the concerns of the company, succeeded at length in averting the storm which threatened it. He even prevailed on the emperor to acknowledge this company, and to confirm it, with the possession of sundry privileges. This sanction (obtained in 1799) gave greater consistence to the association; and it was, lastly, consolidated by the emperor Alexander, who took an active interest in its concerns. His example was followed by part of the Russian nobility.

But notwithstanding this powerful patronage, there remained a difficulty of no small importance; and that was, by what means to supply and provision these remote colonies. Situated in a country absolutely barren, articles of all kinds, though of indispensable necessity, were obtained by great labour and expense from Western Russia. They were, unavoidably, forwarded by land carriage: the conveyance of them required more than 4,000 horses; and the cost was so heavy that by the time they had ar-

rived at Ochotzk, the price of the merchandizes of all sorts, was considerably enhanced. Add to this, that it was requisite to reduce the size and weight of the articles, to meet the powers of the animals that were to carry them,—that many of the most indispensable objects, such as anchors, cables, and other heavy goods, could not be transported, except in pieces; insomuch that a cable was cut into *lengths*, of six or eight fathoms, which were afterwards reunited, when arrived at the place of their destination; anchors also, were conveyed in a state of separation part from part.

After this hazardous expedition was accomplished, the ignorance and awkwardness of the sailors and navigators, to whom the management of the vessels employed on these stormy seas was entrusted, not seldom rendered the whole previous labour useless: the ordinary rate of loss was one in three, yearly: nor could it be altogether corrected, even by the greatest attention and diligence.

All these difficulties, and others inseparably connected with establishments so circumstanced, could be removed by no other mean than that of a direct intercourse by sea, between Russia in Europe, and these colonies; this implied the passage of vessels from the Baltic sea, round Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, to Kamtschatka and the western coast of America.

These considerations combined, induced the author in 1797 to embark in an English ship of war for the Cape of Good Hope; and from thence for India and China, in order that he might obtain experience in the dangerous navigation of the seas which surround the coast of China, and might become acquainted with the traffic they supported.

During his stay at Canton in 1798 and 1799, he witnessed the arrival of a small vessel of not more than a hundred tons burden, under an English captain, from the north-west coast of

America. The lading of this vessel, consisting in furs, was sold almost instantly, for the sum of, 60,000 piastres. This circumstance engaged the attention of M. Krusenstern, who well knew the importance of this trade to his country, and the advantages to be rationally expected from it, in case it were conducted by sea from Russia to Canton; instead of being obliged to take the route over land, with all its hazards, difficulties, and expenses from Ochotsk to Kiachta: an immense length of way!

At his return home from China, he employed his time and talents in the preparation of a memoir on the advantages which the Russian empire, and especially the Russian marine, might find in this extensive navigation; including the formation of skilful officers for the imperial service. This memoir, which was delivered to the Minister of the Marine, remained without effect, till the accession to the throne of the Emperor Alexander. At that time, the Chancellor of the Empire, M. de Romanzoff, and the Minister of the Marine, M. de Mordwinoff, interested themselves in the furtherance of this scheme, with so much zeal and activity, that the execution of it was resolved on; and the command of the expedition was given to M. Krusenstern, in the month of July, 1802. He received his commission August 7, as commander of two vessels destined to the north-west coast of America, to sail in the course of that year.

There was not, however, in the Russian navy, a single vessel proper for the performance of a voyage of this extent. Recourse was, therefore had to England, in which country two ships were bought for the sum of 17,000*l.* which were named the *Nadesdha* [Hope] and the *Neva*.

Russia is no less interested in establishing commercial connections with Japan, than with China. The Empress Catherine had sent an embassy to Japan in 1792, which was so far well received as to obtain permission

to send a Russian vessel *yearly* to the port of *Nangasaki*. Nevertheless the Emperor of Japan had manifested his dissatisfaction that the Empress Catherine had not written to him immediately from herself, but had contented herself with communicating her sentiments by the intervention of the governor of Siberia. A second embassy was, therefore, resolved upon; and it was determined to conduct it with suitable magnificence, in hope of obtaining still more favourable concessions. M. de Rezanoff was named ambassador extraordinary to the emperor of Japan.

To render this voyage at the same time profitable to science, a complete set of instruments was embarked, as well those employed in experimental philosophy, as those used in astronomical observations. On the proposition of M. Zach, whose opinion was requested on the occasion, Dr. Horner was named astronomer; and Messrs. Tilesius and Langsdorf, naturalists to this expedition.

The two vessels, one commanded by M. Krusenstern, the other by M. Lirianskoy, quitted Cronstadt in August, and visiting Falmouth in their way, commenced their voyage on the ocean, October 5, 1803.

Under the equator the vessels experienced calms, squalls, and excessive rains. The thermometer was constantly at 20° Reaumur: nevertheless, the ship's company, composed of Russians, was healthy. After doubling Cape Horn the vessels were separated, but they rejoined at the rendezvous; which was the port of Anna Maria, in the island of Nukawihia: one of the group known to the Americans under the name of Washington's Islands. In this island M. Krusenstern found an Englishman named *Roberts*, who had lived on it seven years, and who served him as an interpreter in his dealings with the natives. This Englishman had belonged to a vessel the crew of which mutinied against their captain. Roberts refused to join the insurgents,

and therefore was set ashore on the island of Santa Christiana. He remained there two years, when he found an opportunity to quit it for the island of Nukawiha, where he married a kinswoman of the chief. In the same island Captain Krusenstern also found a Frenchman: these two Europeans *mutually hated each other*; nor could all this officer's efforts to reconcile them produce the desired effect.

Washington Islands, on which the author bestows a whole chapter, are composed of eight islands, situated north-west of the Mendoza islands. They are called *Nukawiha, Uahuga, Uapoa, Resolution, Mattuaity, Hiau, and Fattuuhu*. The island of Resolution is composed of two small islands, both desert.

Nukawiha is the largest of the group: it has three good ports; besides this, only Uahuga and Uapoa are inhabited. They contain no cattle; and M. Krusenstern advises navigators who take the route of Cape Horn, to prefer making the Society Isles direct, where animal provisions may be obtained. The climate is extremely sultry; and while the Russians staid there the temperature was never under 23° to 25° Reaumur. The inhabitants are large, robust, and well made; and no traces of syphilitic maladies, or of the small-pox were discovered. They *tattoo* their bodies. All their dress consists in a girdle of cloth, made of the bark of the mulberry tree. They wear earrings and other ornaments, made of swine's teeth, or of red beans. Many are entirely naked: and even the women laid aside their clothing as soon as they had arrived on the ships' decks.

Their houses are constructed of the bamboo cane, and of the trunk of a tree which they call *Fau*. The chiefs of the nation have in the vicinity of their habitations, a kind of public hall, wherein they assemble, with their *society*. These *societies* are distinguished by the pattern of *tattooing* proper to each. The king's

society, for instance, to which Roberts belonged, consisted of twenty-six persons; and the distinguishing mark which they bore, was a square, six inches long and four inches wide, on the breast. The society to which *Joseph de Cabris*, the Frenchman, belonged, was known by a round spot over the eyes.

Their food consists principally of fish, yams, bread fruit, taro, bananas, and sugar canes. They eat the fish raw, after having soaked it in salt water. The women are never admitted to these repasts.

Nature has bestowed on these islands almost all articles of the first necessity; agriculture and industry have made little progress among their people. The men abandon themselves to idleness, while the women are entirely occupied with domestic matters, and personal decoration. There is no appearance of the existence of any form of government among them, and the orders which emanate from the King are but feebly attended to. In time of war, the strongest and the most courageous, seizes the chief command. Murder is punished by the kindred of the deceased according to the *lex talionis*. Adultery is considered as a crime only in the royal family.

These people are acknowledged man-eaters, and often make war against their fellows, solely for the purpose of feasting on human flesh. These warlike expeditions are usually nothing more than ambuscades for the purpose of surprising and killing their neighbours. The Frenchman, Joseph de Cabris, boasted highly of his dexterity in this species of insidious warfare: nevertheless his antagonist Roberts, the Englishman, did him the justice to assure the Russians, that he did not eat his prisoners, himself; but that he bartered them to the natives for pigs and hogs.

Here we must of necessity close our account of this part of the voyage: but we trust, speedily to resume the subject.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

South American Emancipation.—Documents, historical and explanatory, showing the designs which have been in progress, and the exertions made by General Miranda, for the attainment of that object during the last twenty-five years. By J. M. Antepara, a native of Guayaquil. 8vo. pp. 299. Sold by all Booksellers.

MORE than two years have now passed since we took an opportunity of expressing our sentiments (Vol. lviii. March, 1809,) on the subject of the independence of Spanish America. The minds of the majority of the natives of that vast region have, for a long time, been influenced by a strong disposition to follow the example of their brethren of the north, and withdraw from the gripe of European monopoly: but the remembrance of unsuccessful efforts at insurrection, the presence of a military force, and the connection of the public functionaries with Old Spain, were sufficient to hold in check, till of late, an unwarlike and divided population; and it was not till the almost complete occupancy of Spain by the French, and the retreat of the Spanish regency within the walls of Cadiz, presented to the colonists the appearance of the extinction of that government which had so long controlled them, that the designs which they had secretly fostered were avowed, and put in a train of execution. The name of France and of Buonaparte being detested in these Trans-atlantic regions, it could not be doubted, after the declension of the Spanish influence, that a resort to independence would be the only alternative of the colonists; and if we pay attention to the dates of the various insurrectional movements which have for some time taken place in Spanish America, we shall observe that they became bolder and more general in proportion as the preponderance of the French in Spain grew more decided. Of late, they appear to extend themselves in all directions; and though they may be resisted for a season by the military and the magistrates, the chances are all in favour of an ultimate separation from the

mother-country. Independence is so flattering a prize, and so strongly interests every individual who can become a partner in its possession, that the spirit, once roused, is not likely to be finally subdued, without the use of stronger means of coercion than, according to appearances, will be employed against it.

Under these circumstances, we have to notice the publication of a series of papers by J. M. Antepara, a native of South America; who informs us, in his preface, that having lately arrived in England, and obtained the acquaintance of General Miranda, he was intrusted by that officer with the perusal of various documents relating to the emancipation of Spanish America. Many of these, he adds, appeared to him of such importance as to call for general circulation; and he accordingly became the editor of the present work, which consists of a series of documents relative to the various plans that have been proposed in England, France, and America, for securing independence to the western hemisphere. The volume begins with a reprint of an essay on the subject, which appeared in one of our literary journals above two years ago; and the papers which succeed may be classed under the following heads:

1. Documents relative to Miranda, previously to 1792.
2. Documents relative to Miranda, when in the military service of France.
3. Documents relative to the Caraccas expedition in 1806.
4. Documents relative to the political conduct of Miranda, generally.
5. Miranda's correspondence with the colonies since the invasion of Spain by Buonaparte.

The object of M. Antepara's publication appears to be, to enable his countrymen to form a clear opinion of the character and proceedings of the man who has so long shown himself the indefatigable advocate of their independence. We learn from these papers that Miranda, after having served several years in the Spanish army, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, left the Havannah in 1783 to proceed on his travels, beginning with the United States. Two years afterward, we find him sending in his resignation to the Spanish Minister, Count Florida Blanca, and setting out on an European tour; in the course of which he traversed successively, Germany, Italy, Greece, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. While he was in Greece, Athens was his chief residence; and when, after having left that classic abode, he took up his quarters for a season in Russia, Catherine, with her accustomed anxiety to communicate to her subjects the instruction which foreigners were capable of affording, invited him to enter into her service: but his eagerness to contribute to the emancipation of Spanish America prevailed over every other consideration. Even at this early period of his career, the jealousy of the Spanish government was excited, as appears from the following letter from his travelling companion, Colonel Smith, of the American service;

' London, March 26th, 1788.

' My Dear Friend,

*' As I have no account from you, of your having received the letter I wrote you from Paris, in November, 1785, *poste restante* at Rome, Naples, and Genoa, I must conclude they miscarried, and of course you as yet remain uninformed how exceedingly prudent it was in you not to have visited Paris with me at that time; indeed, I am perfectly convinced, if you had been with me, I should have been a painful witness to your distress and absolute imprisonment in the Bastile; and now it becomes me to explain the grounds upon which this decided opinion was formed.—After we parted at Vienna, on the 26th of October, 1785, I travelled with*

the greatest expedition, and was so fortunate as to fall in with a French officer and his servant, travelling in a Turkish dress from Constantinople to Paris, express. As our objects were similar, viz. to get to Paris with all possible despatch, I invited the officer to take a seat with me, and permit my servant to travel with his, which he readily consented to; we moved with great diligence and expedition day and night, and arrived at Paris between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 6th of November; we parted at the Barrier Gate, and I ordered my postillion to drive to the Hotel of Louis XVI, rue Richelieu. On my arriving, and asking the master of the house if I could be accommodated with apartments, he answered in the affirmative, but politely begged my name; on giving it, his countenance brightened, and bowing, he said he had expected the honour of seeing me ten days or a fortnight past, hoped I had an agreeable journey, and if I would do him the honour of following him, he would do himself the honour of showing me my apartments. The prescience of the man, and his superabundant civility, you will doubtless conclude excited my curiosity, and induced me, after I had seen my apartments, to inquire how he came to know it was my intention to visit Paris, and particularly to put up at his house; he answered me, that Lieutenant-general ——— had informed him of it, and since called twice, to know whether I had arrived; and being very anxious to show me every civility in his power, had requested to be informed the moment of my arrival, which, with my permission, he would instantly do. I gave the permission solicited, but was much perplexed to know who this Lieutenant-general was, that had conceived such an affection for me. You will doubtless be solicitous to know how this man in Paris knew that I was travelling through Europe, and proposed visiting Paris in my way to London, and intended to take lodgings, during my stay, at the hotel of Louis XVI, rue Richelieu. It astonished me at the time, as much as the detail of it now can surprise you. I had never communicated it to any one, I had not even told you of it, for it was a matter of very little consequence; but on taking a retrospective view of what had passed, and referring to my memorandum book, I found, that one day at dinner with the Marquis de la Fayette, at Potsdam, in Prussia, when several French officers were at table, attended each by their respective servants, the Marquis recommended, when I came to Paris, that I should lodge at this hotel. Out of com-

pliment to him, I took out my pocket book at table, and noted the name of the hotel and street, and never more thought on the subject, until the postillion, on entering Paris, asked me where he should drive. I then directed him to the place above-mentioned. From hence I conclude, the only way my intention could have been known, must have been by a communication from some one of those servants attending at the Marquis's table, to this particular friend of mine, the Lieutenant-general, or at his office; for I have since discovered, that French travelling servants keep more accurate journals than some of their masters, and are in the habit of reporting on their return (to the police) whatever they may suppose will ingratiate themselves with its officers, or yield them a few livres in return.

'After getting my breakfast and dressing myself, I waited on Mr. Jefferson, our minister at Paris, and in the course of conversation related the singular circumstance that had occurred on my arrival, and mentioned the name of the General (which I do not now recollect) who had been thus polite; and asked him if he recollected any one of that name who had served in America, for I could conceive of no other circumstance that could have made me known to a French General.

'Mr. Jefferson, laughing much, told me it was the *Lieutenant-general of the police*, and hoped he did not intend further to display his partiality for me, by accommodating me with apartments in his palace, the Bastille. This tended further to excite my curiosity, rather than alarm my fears. But to proceed further with this curious detail—on my return to my lodgings in the evening, my servant Louis told me a gentleman had called and made inquiries after my health, and the health of the gentleman who travelled with me, and asked whether we lodged together. Louis, supposing he inquired after the Turkish officer who came with me to Paris, answered in the negative, and told him we had parted at the Barrier Gate, and that he did not know where he lodged. He was then asked, whether it was the same gentleman who had set out with me from London, and was with me in Prussia. Louis said no; that that gentleman we had left at Vienna; that the other was one who had overtaken us on the road. He quite fretted the servant with his pointed inquiries, and doubts of the truth of what he told him; and refusing to leave his name, which the servant asked, said he would call again when his master would be at home.

'This interview between the visitor and my servant took place about twelve o'clock; about four in the afternoon, another person came, and in the porter's lodge, having formed an acquaintance with Louis, *pro hoc*, and having drank together, pressed further interrogatories relative to my companion; for it seems, my friend, it was *you* they hoped to see, and not me: but being constantly and honestly answered, that his master had left you at Vienna, I was not honoured by a visit from the Lieutenant-general of the police, nor my servant further interrogated.

'The next day, I think, or in a very short time, I visited the Marquis de la Fayette, who scarcely gave himself time to salute me, before he exclaimed, "I hope to God, my dear friend, your companion, Colonel Miranda, has not come with you!" I told him you had not, that I had left you at Vienna. He said he was extremely happy to hear it, and begged me, if I wrote, to insist upon your not coming to Paris; for if the Count d'Aranda should know you were in Paris, he (La Fayette) would be extremely apprehensive for your fate. I immediately wrote you, agreeably to the address agreed on; and I think dated Paris, 10th of November, 1785, *poste restante* at Rome, Naples, and Genoa, to warn you of the impending cloud which I had noticed in this hemisphere, the threatening aspect of which I did not conceive you had a just idea of.'

Having finished his travels, Miranda took up his residence in London; and being introduced in the year 1790 to Mr. Pitt, by Governor Pownall, he communicated the project of American emancipation to that Minister. It was received with great attention, and continued to enter seriously into the contemplation of the British cabinet as long as the differences respecting Nootka Sound prevailed between the two governments: but after these were definitively settled, and Miranda saw no prospect of the proposition being entertained on the part of Great Britain, he was induced to go over to Paris in 1792, and to await the opportunities which the chances of the Revolution might offer for the accomplishment of his favourite project. His military knowledge attracting the attention of Pe-

tion and other leaders, he was offered a command in the French army under Dumouriez ; which he accepted, and quitted Paris, leaving the individuals at the head of the Republic in possession of his views, and impressing them strongly with their magnitude. He soon found that French ardour threatened to out-run all sober calculation. The government of the French part of St. Domingo falling vacant, Brissot became urgent with Miranda to accept of it, for the purpose of effecting a revolution in the Spanish colonies. "You alone," he wrote to Miranda, (p. 172,) "appear to me fit for the direction of this enterprize. Your name and your talents guarantee its success. I have laid open my views to all the Ministers, and they are penetrated with their importance.—The moment is grand; if we permit it to pass, it may never return." Apprehensive lest the attempt should be made prematurely, Miranda replied that, being unacquainted with the state of St. Domingo, he was ill fitted to assume the government of it : but that for more particular information he referred to Dumouriez, who was then about to proceed to Paris. In the next month, Dumouriez having gone to Paris, and discussed the matter personally with the men in office, Brissot communicated to Miranda the postponement of the undertaking, in a letter of which the following is an extract, and which is remarkable for its reference to the origin of the last war,—a war which we were so often told, was "just and necessary."

"I have seen Dumouriez several times. He seems desirous of accompanying you on the expedition in question, and Spain is so much disposed to be neutral, that our government is averse to attack her. Besides, the approaching war with England attracts every eye and absorbs all our attention. To judge from appearances, it is inevitable ; but when we consider that at bottom *no sound reason for it can be urged, and that on the contrary the English nation is reaping immense profits while we are fighting*, we are astonished at such extravagance on the part of the Cabinet

of St. James's. Whatever its intentions are, we must meet them, and we are making preparations accordingly."

The commencement of the campaign in the Low Countries, soon gave complete occupation to all parties, and obliged them to adjourn the discussion of the South American expedition. On the loss of the battle of Neerwinden, Dumouriez sought, as is well known, to exculpate himself by laying the blame on Miranda ; an accusation which led to a public trial of the latter at Paris. Miranda was triumphantly acquitted : but the reign of Robespierre taking place soon afterward, he was deprived of his liberty, and committed to the prison of La Force. A fellow-prisoner, M. Champagneux, having in an edition of Madame Roland's works given an account of what passed in this gloomy retreat, we select the following passage from the extract of Champagneux's work, as printed by the editor of the present volume :

"Those frightful doors, which were shut on me for the first time, impressed me with a degree of horror which I am unable to describe. I was first led into a court which served as a walk for the prisoners, and I there saw collected about a hundred individuals, as unlike in dress and figure as in the state of feeling which they respectively discovered. I recognized among the number General Miranda, Custine the younger, General Lecuyer, Adam Lux, and the deputies Vergniaud and Valazé.—How often does our ignorance of the future beguile our calculations by flattering us with the hope of advantage in events, which, if realized, would lead to our ruin ? I was of the number of those who wished for a removal to the Luxembourg ; and I mentioned my plan to Miranda, who very fortunately dissuaded me from it : for the chance is that I should have been exhibited as an actor in the fabulous conspiracy which was invented to justify the death of almost all the prisoners in the Luxembourg.

"Having named Miranda, I shall endeavour to give some account of this foreigner. A native of Spanish America, this man had, at the age of forty-two traversed the whole civilized world ; and he had acquired in his travels a variety of knowledge, and an acquaintance with several languages, which he spoke with fluency. Having

come to France in 1792, he proposed to remain among us, and connected himself with Petion, and other deputies of the same class, to whom he had brought over introductions from England.

‘Miranda prepossessed in his behalf all the friends of liberty, by declaring his plan of establishing it in his native country. He had first communicated his design to the Empress of Russia, and afterward to Pitt, with the view of obtaining their support. He had been favourably treated by both, but he expected much more from France, since freedom had begun to inspire her. The Girondists, who had at that time great influence, promised to serve Miranda, and offered him in the meanwhile a command in the armies. This was at the time when the Prussians had advanced into Champagne. Being named General of Division, he made the campaign of 1792, and the first part of that of 1793. He was a partaker in the honour of expelling the allies from the French territories, and of conquering the Austrian Low Countries : but fortune became afterward unpropitious to him. The failure of the blockade of Maastricht, and the loss of the battle of Neerwinden, where Miranda commanded the left wing, which was very roughly handled, joined to the fall of his political friends, the Girondists, lowered him in the public esteem. He was considered as an accomplice of Dumouriez, and was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. That monstrous institution was then in its infancy, and still preserved some of the forms which protect innocence and virtue. Miranda’s case was debated during eleven sittings. The public, at first prejudiced against him, soon became extremely interested in his behalf. His rule was to make each witness for the prosecution undergo a cross examination, which ended almost always in favour of the prisoner. He was acquitted by the unanimous voice of his judges, each member of the court passing an eulogy on him ; and this General, for whose head the people had been clamouring some days before, was carried to his house in triumph.

‘Miranda, however, did not long enjoy his victory over his enemies. He had retired to a country-house near Paris, where he made a display of rich collections of books, engravings, paintings, and statues, which he had formed in his travels ; and here he was suddenly arrested by an armed force sent by the Commune of Paris, of which Pache was then the leader. He was discharged, but arrested a second

time, and confined in the prison of La Force as a suspected character.

‘Conversation full of interest, extensive information, and the profession of the most rigid virtue, made me prefer Miranda’s society to that of all the other prisoners. We contrived to occupy adjoining rooms, and passed daily some hours together in talking over our studies, our course of reading, our personal situation, and the state of public affairs. His pursuits were chiefly military ; he had collected all the authors of eminence on this subject, historians as well as theorists ; and never did I hear a man speak on tactics with so much depth and solidity.

‘I had received such different accounts of this foreigner’s feeling towards France, that I often led our conversation to that topic. He always appeared to me to have little esteem for our nation, and to be prepossessed in favour of England, especially of the English constitution. I was sure of creating a warm discussion, sometimes even an angry one, when, in talking of the relative superiority of the two nations, I insisted on claiming it for the French. He denied it to us in every respect, declaring the English constitution to be the best that the world had as yet seen ; that England was the only spot on which civil liberty was enjoyed in its plenitude, and opinions could be freely interchanged without danger ; while trade and agriculture were there carried to an extent which no other country had hitherto reached.

‘Miranda had a thorough detestation of the men who had at that time usurped the French Government. When he spoke of Robespierre, of Danton, Collot, Barrère, Billaud, and other founders of revolutionary tyranny, his language was full of rage and indignation. If I happened at any time to perceive a ray of hope, or to attribute a good intention to any of their measures, he never forgave me such expressions ; he abused me as a flatterer, a slave, a supporter of tyranny ; and he loaded me with a thousand epithets, which left no room to doubt his zeal for liberty, and his attachment to the governments which protected it.’

A considerable part of the volume is occupied with documents calculated to prove that General Miranda was not the cause of the loss of the battle of Neerwinden : but the anxiety thus evinced by the editor we cannot help regarding as superfluous, the matter having been long settled

by the acquittal of the General on his trial at Paris, and by a still less suspicious declaration, the Austrian official account of the engagement.

After the fall of Robespierre, Miranda was released from prison, and was consulted by the leaders of the *Modérés* on various questions of war and internal regulation. His opinion on one of the most important of these discussions, having been fortunately published in the shape of a pamphlet, has been preserved, and is the paper which, of all that are contained in the present volume, has afforded us the greatest satisfaction. It was intitled *Opinion du Général Miranda sur la situation actuelle de la France*, and embraces two great considerations,—the establishment of a constitution for France, and the conclusion of a peace with its neighbours. We extract some of its most interesting passages :

‘*Constitution*.—In truth, to aim at peace, is to aim at the establishment of a regular government, and *vice versa*. Foreign powers will place no dependence on the treaties which we conclude with them, as long as one faction, taking the place of another, may cancel the act of its predecessor. It is only by a judicious division of power that stability is given to a government. The constituted authorities are then rendered the guardians of each other, each being interested in the support of the constitution in virtue of which they exist: but if all power be united in a single body, a part of this body will find itself enabled to arrogate the whole authority; and a faction has only to point its batteries against this, the then sovereign power, in order to accomplish a revolution. The 31st of May and the 9th of Thermidor both allowed the same Convention to continue in existence, although both changed the appearance of the government; the fact was, the power was only put into different hands; and to this fatal confusion of powers the hideous tyranny of Robespierre owed its existence.

‘Two conditions are indispensable to complete independence in the powers of the State: the first that there be only a single source from which they emanate; the second that they exercise a mutual vigilance over each other. The people would not be *sovereign*, if one of the constituted powers which represent it did not

emanate from it; and there would be no independence if the one created the other. If, for example, you were to vest in the Legislative body the power of naming the members of the Executive, it would exercise a fatal influence on them, and political liberty would be at an end. Or, were they to have the nomination of the judges, they would interfere with the impartiality of judicial decisions, and an end would be put to civil liberty. Accordingly, in England, where the executive power possesses great influence in the legislature, political liberty suffers considerable diminution: but the judicial power, though elected by the executive, is independent of its fatal influence, because juries are named from among the people, and because the judges are not liable to be removed. Civil liberty has thus been preserved entire in England.’—

‘*Peace*.—The confidence which foreign powers will have in our new government will be the surest means of leading to conferences, which will at last give peace to Europe and tranquillity to the state; but it is incumbent on us to proclaim aloud the principles of justice and moderation which will henceforward regulate France, now that she has recovered her liberty. Justice is the consolidation of a state; leagues are formed by nations against an usurping people, as naturally as among the inhabitants of a country against an usurping individual. The thirst of conquest is unworthy of a republic founded on the respect due to the rights of man, and on the sublime maxims of philosophy. The Cæsars, the Alexanders, and their imitators, would be dangerous citizens of such a state; the peaceable philosopher, and the upright magistrate, are men much more necessary for her, since they are of service to her on all occasions.

‘The extent of France offers means more than sufficient for the defence of its liberty and independence; and additional acquisitions would only add to the embarrassments of a government already very complicated, in a country of vast extent, and desirous of remaining a democracy. Such acquisitions would afford her no profit, and would only excite against her the jealousy of all her neighbours. To make a formal disavowal of all ambitious claims, and to declare that France will confine herself to her ancient limits, with the addition of some fortresses retained for the purpose of giving security to our frontier, and preserving it from insult; such ought to be the first diplomatic proceedings of the new French

government; and, since its maxim is to permit no foreign interference in its internal affairs, it should lay down a rule also to avoid interference in the affairs of other countries.

'Luxemburg, Mons, Tournay, Nieuport, Kaisers-Lautern, Germesheim, and some other places in the same line, will give us a much stronger frontier than if we were to extend it all the way to the Rhine. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the sea should form the other limits of France: the rule being, when mountains constitute the barrier, to take the course of the descent of streams as the line of demarcation. The inhabitants of the country between our country and the Rhine should be declared free and independent, friends and allies of the French people. They will thus form a double barrier to us, guarding us against all unforeseen attacks; and their independence being guaranteed by France, as well as by the other powers, their tranquillity may be safely presumed. In that case, under French protection, we may expect to see the enjoyment of liberty produce among that simple and industrious population an acquisition of happiness and prosperity, similar to that which was exemplified in the case of Holland.

'A peace founded on such a basis would repair in some measure the injuries which the French have committed on mankind. It would remedy all the bad effects of the treaty of Westphalia, and would give the protestant part of Germany that influence to which it is entitled by its extensive information, and its attachment to the true principles of liberty. It would render the result of this war as beneficial to humanity, as that of former wars have been fatal to it.

'*Tunc gens humanum positis sibi consulat armis*

Inque vicem gens omnis amet. VIRG.

On the revolution of the 4th September 1797, which confirmed the usurpation of the Directory, and banished Carnot, Barthélemy, and the other enlightened characters who were connected with the French government, Miranda was included in the proscription: but not being put under arrest, he found means a few months afterward, to make his way to England, where he was favourably received by Mr. Pitt. This country being then at war with Spain, and the Spanish Americans having given

fresh proofs of their anxiety for independence, a plan was projected for combining the forces of Britain with those of the United States, in the prosecution of this important enterprize. In spring 1798, the preparations were so far advanced, and General Miranda was so full of expectation, that he thus wrote to his American friend, General Hamilton, who afterward fell in a duel with Burr: "It appears that the moment of our emancipation approaches, and that the establishment of liberty throughout the continent of the new world is intrusted to us by Providence. The only danger, in my apprehension, will be from the introduction of French principles, which would poison our liberty at its birth, and end by overturning yours." For the particulars of the arrangement at that time in forwardness, Miranda referred his correspondent to a person who was about to proceed from England to America. Hamilton's answer was as follows:

'*New-York, Aug. 22, 1798.*

'Sir,

'I have lately received, by duplicates, your letter of the 6th of April, with a postscript of the 9th of June. The gentleman you mention in it has not made his appearance to me, nor do I know of his arrival in this country; so that I can only divine the object from the hints in your letter.

'The sentiments I entertain with regard to that object have been long since in your knowledge; but I could personally have no participation in it, unless patronized by the government of this country. It was my wish that matters had been ripened for a co-operation in the course of this fall, on the part of this country; but this can now scarce be the case. The winter, however, may mature the project, and an effectual co-operation by the United States may take place. In this case I shall be happy, in my official station, to be an instrument of so good a work.

'The plan, in my opinion, ought to be a fleet of Great Britain, an army of the United States—a government for the liberated territories, agreeable to both the co-operators, about which there will be probably no difficulty. To arrange the plan, a competent authority from Great Britain to some person here, is the best

expedient. Your presence here will, in this case, be extremely essential.

'We are raising an army of about 12,000 men. General Washington has resumed his station at the head of our armies; I am appointed second in command.

'With esteem and regard I remain,
Dear Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
(Signed) A. Hamilton.'

The project, however, of combining England and America in this enterprize, was destined to the same abortive fate as the preceding attempts. It was suspended, and ultimately given up; and a subsequent plan, intended for execution in 1801, by the forces of England alone, was relinquished in consequence of the signature of the preliminaries of peace with France. On the resumption of hostilities with Spain in 1804, the plan was again under consideration: but the coalition of 1805 absorbing both the attention of our ministers and the disposable force of the country, Miranda was induced to proceed to the United States. in the hope of deriving advantage from the disputes which were then depending between them and Spain on the subject of Louisiana. On his arrival, however, in America, he found that the difference was accommodated; that he could expect no aid from the government of the United States, and must either desist from any attempt, or embark in it with the limited means supplied by a few private individuals. Stimulated by the ardent representations of the refugees from Caraccas, who were settled in North America, he adopted the latter alternative, and made the attempt: but his force, unassisted as it was by the British, proved altogether inadequate. For a particular account of this enterprize, we refer our readers to our number for March, 1809, Vol. lviii. After his failure, Miranda repaired to Trinidad, where he remained till he was recalled to England in the end of 1807. To judge from the preparations which succeeded his return to

this country, the ministry appeared to be more zealous in the design than any of their predecessors; yet, by a fatality peculiar to this project, the revolution in Spain broke out at the moment when an English expedition for America was ready, and gave a new direction to our forces. After Spain rose up in arms against Buonaparte, in course all hostile ideas on the part of Great Britain towards her colonies were abandoned; and the only documents, subsequent to that event, with which the present volume presents us, are Miranda's correspondence from London with the leading men of Spanish America. Of that correspondence, the most remarkable feature is its accuracy of prediction in regard to the issue of the contest in Old Spain; Miranda never appearing to have indulged those sanguine hopes of successful resistance to the military power of Buonaparte, which at one time were so general among our countrymen.

The policy now observed by our ministry, in regard to the efforts of the Spanish Americans to shake off the connection with the mother-country, appears to be that of complete impartiality. The dread of weakening the antipathy of the Spaniards to Buonaparte, and a solicitude to act up with the strictest fidelity to our treaties with the junta, have operated as paramount considerations, and have induced our government to forego for a season the splendid advantages which the emancipation of these colonies holds forth to our commerce: but of the real wishes of the enlightened part of our countrymen, whether in or out of office, we can have only one opinion; all must desire an early termination of that discouraging and degrading servitude, which has so long prevented the finest portion of the globe from attaining the enjoyment of internal prosperity, and from distributing a rich surplus of produce to the eastern hemisphere. We believe that it is very far from the language of exaggeration to say that

Spanish America would make a greater progress in art and science, in population, agriculture, and trade, in the course of thirty years of independence, than she has effected in the three hundred during which she has been subject to the monopoly of Old Spain. No system could have been more calculated to arrest the progress of improvement. In Spain, the corruption of government was in some measure mitigated by existing vestiges of ancient liberty, and by the restraints of European civilization: but in America the reign of despotism was absolute, and the Catholic religion was made an engine for consolidating the duration of ignorance and blind submission. Under this system, as is the case under monopolies in general, it was seriously believed that the mother-country was a great gainer; and whenever the day of emancipation may arrive, we may expect to hear it asserted that the grandeur of Spain is at an end. It happened, however, that a similar prediction was made with regard to England after the independence of North America; yet the fact has been that not a year has since passed, in which our gains from the United States have not been greater than when those States were under our control. The cause is simply this:—the possession of independence doubles and triples the productive powers of a country, and creates an equally rapid augmentation in the profits of those who trade with her:—but to give full scope to this course of prosperity, no political or commercial preferences must be shown to one nation above another. Even were England the sole agent in achieving the independence of Spanish America, it would be great impolicy on our part to lay claim to exclusive favours. To force the Americans to take from us any particular article of trade, which they can obtain cheaper elsewhere, would be to make them sacrifice a part of their capital, and lessen the amount which

they would afterward be enabled to buy from us in the proper line of our supply. Let us say, then, in the words of Talleyrand's valuable Essay on Colonies, "The dictates of mutual interest should be the only bond of connection; every other, between distant countries is delusive: let there be no compulsion, no monopoly; always a force to protect, but never a force to control." Were the trade of the southern colonies of America open, like that of the north, to all the world, the nations of Europe might run a race of competition, and England would take the lead in the one as speedily as she did in the other. If we examine the official returns of North American importations*, we shall find that, of the whole manufactures supplied by Europe, England alone furnishes three-fourths. Limited as would be the share of other countries in the South American trade when compared to that of England; such, however, would be the rapid increase of that trade in all directions, that the portion of each, separately considered, would soon become large; and the share of even Old Spain would, in all probability, be speedily greater under the invigorating system of free trade than it ever was in her days of monopoly. Every nation in the civilized world would thus be a gainer by the happy passage of Spanish America from a state of thralldom to a state of independence.

With regard to the execution of this work, we must observe that the editor has aimed at little more than compilation; having contented himself with exhibiting documents, and seldom indulged in comments at length. We cannot approve the method adopted for the arrangement, but must acknowledge that we have been highly gratified by the interest of the papers themselves; many of which are of equal importance with those of which we have presented extracts.

* Report to Congress, 1806.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Cowper's Milton, in Four Volumes. Price 1*l.* 16*s.* Johnson & Co. London, 1810.

AN edition of Milton's poetical works, neatly printed and illustrated by the annotations and remarks of two gentlemen, themselves well-known to the public as eminent poets, cannot fail of possessing powerful attractions to all lovers of the British muse. It is true, that the *notes* furnished by the late Mr. Cowper, are but a small part of his original design; but his versions of the Latin and Italian poems of Milton are complete, (though some are omitted) and are executed with a dexterity of which not every writer is capable. These are with great propriety communicated to the public. They form a pleasing division of the bard's productions; yet as Milton's popularity is widely spread among us, he must be read by many who can derive no pleasure from these proofs of his learning, while in their foreign language.

A second motive to this edition, though apparently of primary impulse, was an admiration approaching to enthusiasm, of Milton's character, as a man and a patriot. Much is it to the credit of these coadjutors' hearts that they could not think him guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In justice to the British public, they rather conceived that the time was arrived, in which arguments in his favour would meet with a candid and impartial hearing. Cowper began his translation in 1791, intending it to form part of a magnificent edition of Milton, to exceed in splendor Boydell's Shakespeare. In 1792 Mr. Hayley heard of that undertaking; and being engaged in composing a Life of Milton, an intercourse by letter took place between these writers, which afterwards ripened into mutual esteem and friendship, and to which both of them have acknowledged themselves indebted for some of their pleasantest hours.

There are persons who affect to in-

quire in what the liberality attributed to the present time consists; and wherein is it superior to former ages. These discover by their inquiry that their opportunities of observation have been restricted for the most part, if not altogether, to the characters of their contemporaries. Very slightly have they contemplated that period of our history when the furious passions were let loose, and bore away even the best intentioned men with a fury too impetuous to be resisted: when the violence of party strife involved all without exception, and like a whirlwind marked its course with desolation. No man was then reckoned *honest* who did not burn intensely with zeal for "*our*" opinions, and who was not ready to venture life and limb for "*our cause*." This spirit, we know, involved the nation in a long and sanguinary contest. Even those who did not imbrue their weapons in the blood of their countrymen, but studied peace so far as was possible, were vilified and stigmatized. Crimes of all kinds were attributed to them; and a difference in political opinion was sufficient to deprive them of all pretensions to morals, integrity, or understanding. Happily for our peace, it is but justice to our political partizans of the present day, to acknowledge, that they admit the possibility of their adversaries partaking in the common endowments of human nature: and in regard to literature, no epic poet fears to lose that *immortality* after which he pants, merely on account of his personal share in politics. Were "*Paradise Lost*" a production of the nineteenth century, though it might be examined with severity, as a poem, by some of our critical associations, yet none would consign it to the flames merely because its author was the *notorious* John Milton. In fact, the tide now sets the other way. In-

fluenced by his bigotry and prejudices, Dr. Johnson impugned the character of Milton, in particulars, where neither bigotry nor prejudice could make its appearance without immediate detection and exposure. The consequence is, that every man of honour esteems it a duty to vindicate the poet from the aspersions of his biographer; and the popularity of the bard is incalculably augmented, in mere counteraction of the malignity of his critic.

Among others, Mr. Hayley interested himself in composing a Life of this eminent British poet, in which the favourable features of his character are placed most distinctly in our sight, and no opportunity of removing a blemish is suffered to escape unimproved. His temper, his character, his expectations, his hopes, and his fears, pass in review before us; and his conduct is pronounced honourable, disinterested, and benevolent. What he himself terms his "devotion to his country," and seems to boast of, as his ruling passion, has been imputed to him as his most atrocious crime. Without making any allowances for the difficulty of relinquishing an office undertaken intentionally to benefit the public, his continuance in the service of Cromwell has been charged on him, as an approbation and support of the principles and the practices of his master, generally. Mr. Hayley's arguments in justification of Milton, on this subject, will, probably, be deemed not the least ingenious part of his performance:

Though Cromwell had assumed the title of Protector, when Milton in his second defence sketched a masterly portrait of him (as we have seen he did of Bradshaw in the same production) yet the new potentate had not, at this period, completely unveiled his domineering and oppressive character; on the contrary, he affected, with the greatest art, such a tender concern for the people; he represented himself, both in his public and private protestations, so perfectly free from all ambitious desires, that many persons, who possessed not the noble un-

suspecting simplicity of Milton, believed the Protector sincere in declaring that he reluctantly submitted to the cares of government, merely for the settlement and security of the nation. With a mind full of fervid admiration for his marvellous achievements, and generally disposed to give him credit for every upright intention, Milton hailed him as the father of his country, and delineated his character; if there were some particles of flattery in his panegyric, which, if we adhere to our author's just definition of flattery, we cannot allow, it was completely purified from every cloud or speck of servility, by the most splendid and sublime admonition that was ever given to a man possessed of great talents and great power by a genuine and dauntless friend, to whom talents and power were only objects of reverence, when under the real or fancied direction of piety and virtue.

"Revere (says Milton to the Protector) the great expectation, the only hope, which our country now rests upon you—revere the sight and the sufferings of so many brave men, who, under your guidance, have fought so strenuously for freedom—revere the credit we have gained in foreign nations—reflect on the great things they promise themselves from our liberty, so acquired; from our republic, so gloriously founded, which, should it perish, like an abortion, must expose our country to the utmost contempt and dishonour.

"Finally, revere yourself; and having sought and sustained every hardship and danger for the acquisition of this liberty, let it not be violated by yourself, or impaired by others, in the smallest degree. In truth, it is impossible for you to be free yourself unless we are so; for it is the ordinance of nature, that the man who first invades the liberty of others must first lose his own; and first feel himself a slave. This indeed is just. But if the very patron and tutelary angel of liberty, if he who is generally regarded as pre-eminent in justice, in sanctity, and virtue; if he should ultimately invade that liberty which he asserted himself, such invasion must indeed be pernicious and fatal, not only to himself, but to the general interest of piety and virtue. Truth, probity, and religion would then lose the estimation and confidence of mankind, the worst of wounds, since the fall of our first parents, that could be inflicted on the human race. You have taken upon you a burthen of weight inexpressible: it will put to the severest perpetual test the inmost qualities, virtues, and

powers of your heart and soul: it will determine whether there really exists in your character that piety, faith, justice, and moderation, for the sake of which we believe you raised above others, by the influence of God, to this supreme charge.

"To direct three most powerful nations by your counsel, to endeavour to reclaim the people from their depraved institutions to better conduct and discipline, to send forth into remotest regions your anxious spirit and incessant thoughts, to watch, to foresee, to shrink from no labour, to spurn every allurement of pleasure, to avoid the ostentation of opulence and power; these are arduous duties, in comparison of which war itself is mere sport; these will search and prove you; they require indeed a man supported by the assistance of heaven, and almost admonished and instructed by immediate intercourse with God. These and more, I doubt not, but you diligently revolve in your mind, and this in particular, by what methods you may be most able to accomplish things of highest moment, and secure to us our liberty not only safe but enlarged."

If a private individual thus speaking to a man of unbounded influence, whom a powerful nation had idolized and courted to assume the reins of government, can be called a flatterer, we have only to wish that all the flatterers of earthly power may be of the same complexion. The admonition to the people with which Milton concludes his second defence, is by no means inferior in dignity and spirit to the advice he bestowed on the Protector. The great misfortune of the monitor was, that the two parties to whom he addressed his eloquent and patriotic exhortation, were neither of them so worthy of his counsel as he wished them to be, and endeavoured to make them. For Cromwell, as his subsequent conduct sufficiently proved, was a political impostor with an arbitrary soul: and as to the people, they were alternately the dishonoured instruments and victims of licentiousness and fanaticism. The protector, his adherents, and his enemies, to speak of them in general, were as little able to reach the disinterested purity of Milton's principles, as they were to attain, and even to estimate the sublimity of his poetical genius. But Milton, who passionately loved his country though he saw and lamented the various corruptions of his contemporaries, still continued to hope, with the native ardour of a sanguine spirit, that the mass of the English people would be enlightened and improved.

It is probable that this earnest desire for the enlightening and improvement of his countrymen, biassed the mind of Milton, not only to expect what was not to be realized, but also to a kind of submissive acquiescence in the person, whoever he might be, from whom such blessings were awaited: and if he considered Cromwell as raised up by Providence for such purposes, he might deem it his duty to assist in fulfilling those purposes, whatever direction his opinion of Cromwell might take. "It is evident," says Mr. H. "that he had no secret intimacy or influence with the Protector; and that instead of engaging in ambitious machinations, he confined himself as much as possible to the privacy of domestic life." Though the poetical panegyrics of others encircled even the grave of that extraordinary man, yet Milton praised him no more;—disappointed as Mr. H. conjectures, in his "generous hopes."

Milton has been charged, moreover, with acrimony of temper, with acting tyrannically in his family, with alienating the affections of his wife, and embittering the best days of his children. Unhappily for him, that spirit of party to which we have already alluded, interrupted the conjugal harmony of our poet and his bride, as it did that of thousands. He and his family had formerly suffered from the persecution of Papists; therefore he hated Popery: his wife and her family detested the eccentricities of fanaticism: he was for liberty; she was for monarchical supremacy. The confusions of the times annulled their domestic arrangements and their fire-side comforts were banished.

Only those who have had some acquaintance with persons of advanced age, can so much as guess what was suffered by individuals and by families, from the paroxysms of party madness. History has said something in respect to the afflictions sustained by the nation; but those which em-

bittered private life she has relinquished to the report of tradition.

Milton is, however, best known among us as a poet, and in this character he is entitled to his due share of applause and honour, independent of his failings or his fancies as a man. Mr. H. takes a great delight in tracing the career of his studies, and watches his course, while in Italy especially, with an ardent eye. It is every way credible that Milton should have meditated his immortal work, long before he determined in earnest to undertake it. And that, when he did resolve to commence it, he should revolve in his mind what he had seen, or heard, or fancied, or conjectured, or discussed, that could be brought to bear on his subject, is highly probable. We think nothing the worse of his talents, if he really did avail himself of his remarks made many years before, on what he approved or disapproved in the performances of those who had treated the subject of the fall of Adam, whether in verse or prose. Among these, certainly the "Adam" of Andrieni, now first translated by Messrs. Cowper and Hayley, holds a distinguished place. It has much of Miltonic fancy in it: but to render the proof complete it should be known whether the original were rare or common, in repute or in disgrace, when Milton was in Italy. In proportion to its renown or scarcity would be the *chance* of its perusal by a traveller. The same may be said of other works on this or on any other subject. Milton did not seek with antiquarian diligence, but he read what casualty threw in his way. We must, however, acknowledge our obligations to the translators of this spirited poem: it adds to our enjoyment of *Paradise Lost*. Other, though minor works on the same subject, have been *déterré* by the biographer's industry.

But those exertions in which the muse of Cowper took most delight, and which probably will be thought by his admirers the most curious por-

tion of these volumes, are the translations of the minor poems and sonnets. They are carefully and even anxiously executed; but with such judicious choice of words, and so close assimilation to Milton's spirit, that could the poet rise from his grave, he would feel nothing but complacency were they ascribed to his pen. What differences they manifest are rather to be attributed to the changes in our language; and these, we think, have improved its harmony, without diminishing its strength. We shall insert a specimen of these sonnets:

To Charles Diodati.

Charles—and I say it wond'ring—thou must know

That I, who once assumed a scornful air,

And scoffed at love, am fallen in his snare,

(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek;
more rare

The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair;

A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show

The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;

Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,

And song, whose fascinating power might bind,

And from the sphere draw down the lab'ring Moon,

With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill

My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

Sonnet.

Lady! it cannot be but that thine eyes

Must be my sun, such radiance they display,

And strike me even as Phœbus him, whose way

Thro' torrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.

Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise

Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,

New as to me they are, I cannot say,

But deem them in the lover's language—sighs.

Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,

Which, if in part escaping thence they
tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon con-
geals;
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in showers are
ever drowned,
Till my Aurora comes, her brow with
roses bound.

Sonnet.

Enamoured, artless, young, on foreign
ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear Lady, with an humble
sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have
found,
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
When tempests shake the world, and
fire the sky,
It rests in adamant, self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage
rude,
From hopes and fears that vulgar
minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding Lyre, and every
Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by Love's immedicable
dart.

Cowper's reasons for not translating the poems on the Gunpowder Treason, are honourable to his candour and liberality of spirit:

The pure mind of Cowper was a stranger, in its own feelings, to the common animosities of the world; and he was, on all occasions, evangelically disposed to promote peace and good-will among men. How much he was influenced by an amiable desire to avoid what might awaken or increase enmity and bitterness of spirit, he has shown in the course of these translations from Milton, by omitting to translate compositions of extreme severity against the Catholics, and by thus declaring his reason for the omission:

"The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated;

both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now!"

In writing to Mr. Johnson, on this subject, he explained his sentiments still further:

"Weston, Oct. 30, 1791.

"We and the papists are at present on amicable terms. They have behaved themselves peaceably many years, and have lately received favours from government: I should think, therefore, that the dying embers of ancient animosity had better not to be troubled."

The translator likewise omitted a few of the minuter poems, which he thought not worthy of ranking with the rest; a privilege that the editor has also exerted!

It must be acknowledged that Milton from his earliest years felt himself born for no vulgar purposes, nor made of vulgar materials. He soon meditated high things; and he attempted them: first, no doubt, in politics; afterwards in poesy. To such a charge he is most surely exposed: had he died a few years sooner than he did, he would have been deemed presuming.

Mr. Hayley's mind has been equally intent on promoting the reputation of his friend Cowper, as on vindicating the memory of Milton. He has succeeded in both purposes; for though the annotations of his friend are but slight and unfinished, yet they are sufficient evidences of correct judgment and good taste to induce a wish for more from the same pen, as well as for the completion of these. We know no greater proof of success to a certain point. The names of Cowper and Hayley will go down to posterity together: and this is a gratification to the survivor, though his friend sleeps.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song: with historical and traditional Notices relative to the Manners and Customs of the Peasantry. Now first published by R. H. Cromek, F. A. S. Ed. Editor of 'The Reliques of Robert Burns.' 1 vol. 8vo. 1810.

(Concluded from p. 401.)

THE Jacobite Ballads, which compose the third class in this interesting volume, are judiciously divided into two portions: the one relating to the rebellion of 1715, and the other, to that of 1745. The latter have the most merit; as though the fury of political rancour had any connection with the inspirations of genius, or that men, who are disturbed by feelings too recently excited by a legitimate object, are unable to subdue them to the influence either of reason or a regulated imagination.

The publication of these ballads in the present day can have no evil tendency: but the spirit with which they are written; the keen and manly satire which they contain; their sarcastic ridicule, and their animating enthusiasm must have produced a powerful effect on the minds of those for whom they were intended. When poetry, patriotism, and revenge go hand in hand, the issue must be mighty. The lyric effusions of native bards have, in all rude ages, especially, incited the warrior to deeds of glory. Popular tunes, deeply connected with the feelings of home and all its numerous circumstances, have a similar effect, as the well known fact of the *Rance de Vaches*, testifies. Loyalty or disaffection may be inspired, nourished, and propagated from sire to son, by the simple vehicle of national songs: and we have the testimony of Burnet as to the effect produced by the tune and words of *Lillibullero* in Ireland. It has been said, indeed, and with some probability of truth, that the nautical songs of a living writer, (Dibdin)

have contributed to the production of that fearless courage, rough sincerity, and careless jollity, which are so characteristic of a British sailor: and we can well believe that a Scotch Highlander has his animosity to the house of Brunswick as well as his devotion to the exiled race of Stuart, heightened by such effusions as "The wee, wee German Lairdie," "To Daunt me," "Cumberland and Murray's descent into Hell," &c. It is a truth which the philosopher is forced to confess, that the passions of men, when once excited, are kept in a state of energy by the simplest provocatives: a word, a look, an action, inconceivably trivial in themselves, will stimulate thousands, engaged in a common cause, to the wildest excesses. The Roman and Grecian republics, the tumults in the Italian states, the civil wars in England, the French revolution, and even the petty mobs at an election, all furnish proofs of this. They, over whom nobler incentives would have no power, may be driven any where, and to any purpose, by a word, a song, or a tune.

We shall now proceed to extract one or two of the Jacobite Ballads as specimens of that inveterate hatred which animated one part of the Scottish nation for many years:

'THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Wha the deil hae we got for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
An' whan we gade to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie.
Sheughing kail an' laying leeks,
But* the hose and but the breeks,
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

* But, without.

An' he's clapt down in our gude man's
chair,

The wee, wee German lairdie ;
An' he's brought fouth of o' foreign leeks,
An' dibblet them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English lawns,
An' brak the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our thistle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie ;
An' see how Charlie's lang Kail thrive,
He dibblit in his yardie.
An' if a stock ye daur to pu',
Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
We'll break yere sceptre o'er yere mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie ;
An' our norlan' thistles winna pu',
Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
An' we've the trenching blades o' wier,
Wab lib ye o' yere German gear ;
An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie !

'There are several variations of this curious old song ; some of them the Editor has seen, and heard sung. The one here preserved, seems a little more modern ; the others were more homely and coarse in their manner.

'The first verse of one of them runs thus :

'Wha the deil hae we got for a king ?
But a wee bit German lairdie ;
An' whan we gade to bring him hame,
He was delving in his yardie !
He threw his dibble owre the dyke,
An' brint his wee bit spadie ;
An' swore wi' a' the English he could,
He'd be nae mair a lairdie !

'There are others which merit preservation.

'He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
For gawing his German hurdies ;
But he sits on our gude king's throne,
Amang the English lairdies.

* * *

Auld Scotland, thou'rt owre cauld a hole,
For nursing siccan vermin ;
But the vera dogs o' England's court
Can bark an' howl in *German* !

As a contrast to the above we may select the following, which is distinguished for its pathos and fluency of versification :

'This affecting old fragment is copied by Mrs. Copland, and transmitted for publication with the following remarks :

"There are songs belonging to the history of private families which are cherished by them with all the fondness of traditionary attachment. They are preserved with a romantic affection, like the gore-crusted weapons of heroic achievement. Such perhaps is the song of 'Carlisle Yetts.' It was composed apparently in those afflicting times of murder and desolation, when so many heads of our bravest countrymen 'dripped bloodie' on the gate-spikes of Carlisle. It seems by the strong passion displayed in it, to have been written when the blood was yet unwashed from the destroyer's hand.

"I do not think it to have been the composition of a woman. The mild composure of the female heart would have shrunk back from such gory and harrowing delineation. I rather think it to have been written by some of the unfortunate adherents of the Prince, when lurking from wood to hill, amid all the horrors of proscription.

'CARLISLE YETTS.

* * *

White was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he faulded me in his broached
plaidie ;
His hand whilk clasped the truth o' luvie,
O it was ay in battle readie !
His lang lang hair in yellow hanks,
Wav'd o'er his cheeks sae sweet and
ruddie ;
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.
My father's blood's in that flower-tap,
My brother's in that hare-bells blossom,
This white rose was steeped in my luvie's
blood,
An' I'll ay wear it in my bosom.

* * *

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;
The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were stream-
ing !

When I came next by merry Carlisle,
O sad, sad seemed the town an' eerie !
The auld, auld men came out an' wept,
'O maiden come ye to seek yere dearie ?'

* * *

There's ae drap o' blude atween my
breasts,

An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;
The tane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither
ne'er kame,

But I'll sit an' pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,
Which feasts in our richest Scottish blude,
An' makes sae mony a doleful widow."

We cannot pass over in silence the powerfully interesting fact narrated by Mr. Cromek in the following note, in which the tender energy of the circumstance, undebased by any laboured splendour of diction, is presented to the reader with all the affecting simplicity of truth :

'In the rebellion of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels—Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and butter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired with seeming kindness, how she lived—'Indeed,' quoth she, 'the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessings a' my *mailen*.' He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart—the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away, beyond the inquiry of friends, or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits—a dragoon roared out, 'I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale : I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens ; but,' added he, 'she could live for all that, on her God, as she said !' 'And don't you rue it,' cried a young soldier, starting up, 'don't you rue it ?' 'Rue what ?' said he, 'rue aught like that !' 'Then, by my G—d,' cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, 'that woman was my mother ! draw, you brutal villain, draw.' They fought ; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, '*had you rued it you should have only been punished by your God.*'

In reading these nameless and hitherto unhonoured effusions of Jacobitism, it is impossible not to be struck with that extent of national genius which is displayed in them : genius exerting itself with such abstract qualities of excellence, that though called forth by events that were temporary, celebrating things that were local, and inspired by feelings that were occasional, yet its productions possess that general charm

of truth and nature which still pleases, though robbed of all those original adjuncts. This indeed must always be the permanent and inseparable effect of genius, in the full and broad display of its power : but it is seldom the effect even of the highest genius when lowered down to the commemoration of passing events and party squabbles. The political and satirical poems of Dryden are less read than his Fables, not merely because they require exposition, but because they have radically less general merit : the same may be said of Pope's Dunciad, and the vigorous and manly poetry of Churchill languishes in the estimation of the present generation from a cause nearly similar. Unconnected with particular persons, places, and circumstances, there are but few passages of such commanding excellence as will make a man satisfied with reading the whole to get at them. The flight of genius to be great must be unconfined, and to be permanently attractive must be independent of temporary and merely local incidents. To very few, however, is the power given of investing such topics, with language, imagery, and sentiment possessing abstract and independent qualities of delighting in all ages : yet, among those few may be ranked the writers, the unknown writers of many of the pieces contained in this volume.

Of the "Old Ballads and Fragments," which constitute the fourth division of Mr. Cromek's book, many passages are exquisitely produced. The one entitled "We were Sisters, we were Seven," has all the characteristic qualities which denote its origin. It possesses a peculiar vein of thought, a wildness of incident, and a melody of versification, though sometimes irregular. But the "Mermaid of Galloway" must be ranked still higher in the scale of poetical composition, and we regret that its length precludes us from extracting it into our pages.

In the "Appendix" we find many

curious particulars relating to the superstitions, customs, manners, and modes of thought peculiar to the peasantry of that part of Scotland which is the scene of the ballads contained in this volume. It would be an injustice to the talents of Mr. Cromek, if we withheld from our readers the following manly, liberal, and sometimes eloquent fulmination against a yet existing relic of barbarism and cruelty :

‘ A DESCRIPTION OF THE STOOL OF
REPENTANCE.

‘ Though this vile stool of repentance is sufficiently familiar to the good people of Scotland, yet some explanation of its uses may be required by the English reader ; and, as the Editor considers himself pledged to give every illustration he has been able to collect of Scottish manners and customs, the following account will not be deemed misplaced :

‘ When the disastrous and bloody struggle of Scottish reformation was over, and the wretched hovels of covenanting Calvinism rose among the majestic ruins of Romish devotion, all that escaped the wreck of original genius and peculiar cast of character, was the ‘ Stool of Repentance.’† It was an engine of terror well suited to Knox’s stern and rigorous discipline, as it gave him a severe control over the looseness of the times, and enabled him to apply the merciless rod of church-censure against the vices even of the nobility. Such, probably, was his motive for raking this vile stool from the ruins of the fallen church. It has ever been extremely obnoxious to the free spirit of the peasantry ; in proof of which many of their songs might be adduced, if their delicacy were equal to their wit and humour. The reply of an old woman to Mr. Knox, is worthy of record. After holding forth in praise of the *goodlie work o’ reformation*, as he termed it, and railing against the wickedness of popery, he zealously ex-

claimed, ‘ I hae plucked the raiment frae the harlot !’ ‘ Ah, na, na !’ quoth the good dame, pointing to the chair of repentance, ‘ ye hae keepit the vera tassel o’ the breeks o’ Popery.’ This stool of terror was fashioned like an arm-chair, and was raised on a pedestal nearly two feet higher than the other seats, directly fronting the pulpit. When the kirk-bell was rung, the culprit ascended the chair, and the bellman arrayed him in the black sackcloth gown of fornication. Here he stood three Sundays successively, his face uncovered, and the awful scourge of unpardoning divinity hung over him. The women stood here in the same accoutrements, and were denied the privilege of a veil :

‘ A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.’

‘ The punishment of this humiliating exaltation was not inflicted on illegitimate parents only, but also on those who healed the breach of chastity by subsequent marriage. So scrupulous was the covenanting kirk in this respect, that the bridegroom had to lodge *six pounds Scots*, in the custody of the Session, as a pledge against unwedded incontinence, which, if convicted, he forfeited. This tax was broadly termed by the peasantry, in allusion to the border taxes, ‘ Buttock mail.’ The severity of these punishments, so repugnant to female delicacy, and to the sweet, innocent modesty of the girls of Scotland, has however of late years been relaxed ; in many places they are commuted for small fines, and private admonition. It is enough for incontinence to walk over the burning plow-shares of its own repentant feelings, without being cast bound into the seven-times heated furnace of Calvinism. Highly to the honour of the Scottish clergy and people, these stepping stools to child-murder are now almost universally swept out of the churches. Such an epithet may be deemed a harsh one, but the following truly affecting song fully justifies it, and seems purposely written to touch the heart of religious tenderness with the simple and pathetic eloquence of unwedded and abandoned sorrow :

† There is a remark in Burns’s unpublished MS. Journal of his excursion from Edinburgh to the Highlands, not inapplicable to this subject. It is amusing to observe how bitterly he vents his antipathies whenever an instance of superstitious tyranny occurs, repugnant to liberal feelings ; and it must have been highly diverting to witness his soliloquy on the present occasion :

‘ Linlithgow. ————— A pretty good old gothic church—the *infamous Stool of Repentance* standing in the old Romish way, on a lofty situation.

‘ What a poor, pimping business is a Presbyterian place of worship ! dirty, narrow, and squalid ; stuck in a corner of old Popish grandeur such as Linlithgow, and much more Melrose !—Ceremony and show, if judiciously thrown in, are absolutely necessary for the bulk of mankind, both in religious and civil matters.’

' There† sat 'mang the flowers a fair ladie,
Sing ohon, ohon and ohon O!
And there she has born a sweet babie
Adown by the greenwode side O!
An' strait she rowed its swaddling band,
Sing ohon, ohon and ohon O!
An' O! nae mother grips took her hand
Adown by the greenwode side O!

O twice it lifted its bonnie wee ee,
Sing ohon, &c.
' Thae looks gae through the sal o' me,'
Adown, &c.
She buried the bonnie babe 'neath the brier,
Sing ohon, &c.
And washed her hands wi' mony a tear,
Adown, &c.

And as she knelt to her God in prayer,
Sing ohon, &c.
The sweet wee babe was smiling there,
Adown, &c.
O ay, my God, as I look to thee,
Sing ohon, &c.
My babe's atween my God and me,
Adown, &c.

Ay, ay, it lifts its bonnie wee ee,
Sing ohon, &c.
' Sic kindness get as ye shawed me,'
Adown, &c.
An' O its smiles wad win me in,
Sing ohon, &c.
But I'm borne down by deadly sin,
Adown, &c.'

' Never was there a punishment devised which so completely defeated its own purpose. It either hardened or broke the heart of the sufferer. Without allowance for the different degrees of guilt in different cases, or for the relative situation of the parties in the same case, it was inflicted with indiscriminate and unmitigated rigour on the male and the female transgressor,—on the seducer and the seduced. He, driven by exposure to blunt the poignancy of his shame in assumed effrontery, soon banished the wholesome feelings of remorse, and by an effort of fortitude, converted his disgrace into a triumph; while the soft, the gentle-hearted female, on whom the consequences of the trespass are, by nature and by the usages of society, made to constitute a penance of the most fearful and soul-subduing kind; she, in whose mind the gloom of desertion was deepened by the loss of fame, the alienation of those she held most dear, and the close of every bright prospect in life;

she, already the dupe and the victim of treachery and falsehood, was held forth as the object of unsympathising cruelty and derision. If there be a state of mind in which

' present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings,'

it is surely in the anticipation of this hateful exposure; nor are we to wonder that an unfortunate, goaded to despair by the dread of so barbarous, so harrowing a punishment, should, in the fever of apprehension, stifle the feelings of a mother, and brave the guilt of infanticide, rather than submit to the torture of being publicly and indelibly branded with infamy. The train of heart-breaking circumstances which follow the disgrace; the distant civility and coldly averted look of friends; the dumb, despairing affliction of parents; the vile fingers of public mockery wagged at them in the streets;—are not these excruciating punishments due only to the confirmed in vice, to the sworn votaries of prostitution? and must the pastors of the church, when they should privately administer the balm of forgiveness; when they should go into the wilderness and seek for the lamb that had gone astray—must they unfeelingly forbid her return to the flock and shut the door of the fold against her forever! Such Pharisaical rigour is contrary to the benevolent spirit of Christianity: far from striving to reclaim those who are lost, it freezes all the charities of the heart, and substitutes hypocrisy for sincere repentance. But never are the iron features of puritanical stoicism more hideous than when they frown vengeance on the lovely face of blushing modesty, rendered more timorous by the consciousness of a trespass; never is the breath of Calvinistic denunciation more repulsive than when it blasts the flower already blighted, and drooping for want of shelter and support. In defiance of the dictates of common sense, and in outrage of the feelings of humanity, this engine of monkish despotism was preserved by the Reformers, and became more terrible in their hands than in those of its inventors, until the liberal spirit of the present age prevailed over the narrow bigotry of fanaticism, and consigned the *catty-stool* to the oblivion it had long merited. Ridicule contributed perhaps more powerfully than reason, to bring it into disuse. The rough, manly wit of Butler, and the bold energe-

† There are many variations of this affecting tale. One of them appears in the *Musical Museum*, and is there called 'Fine Flowers of the Valley,' of which the present is either the original or a parallel song; I am inclined to think it is the original.

tic humour of Burns, have done more to correct the pedantry of religion than whole volumes of serious expostulation.'

With Mr. Cromek's sentiments, thus expressed, we are happy and willing to avow the conformity of our own.

The account of the fairies, warlocks, brownies, &c. is eminently interesting; and no less so is that of Lord Nithsdale's escape from the Tower, which displays an extraordinary instance of calmness, fortitude,

intrepidity, and skill in a female, actuated by the amiable motive of saving a husband's life. We find, also, in this Appendix, a brief account of the author of the well known ballad "Mary's Dream;" but as we propose to extract this for the next number of our "Neglected Biography," we shall say nothing more of it here, but conclude our strictures by repeating our assurance of the pleasure and instruction which we have received from this performance of Mr. Cromek.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Letters transmitted from the South Sea, by the English ministry, to France. Paris, Jan. 1.

THERE was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 15th of last November, and from it in the other French journals, an extract from the English Gazette, under the title of *La Peyrouse*, announcing that there had been found, in Diemen's Land, a bottle buried at the foot of a tree, which contained letters that were supposed to afford some information respecting the fate of that navigator. These letters, five in number, have reached the Minister of Marine, at Paris.—One is signed *Raoul*, and addressed to M. Villeneuve, surgeon at Treguier.—Another, *Bodelier*, addressed to Madame Bois, at L'Orient.—One *Villeneuve*, to Madame Villeneuve, at Versailles.—One *Forestier*,

addressed to M. Forestier, Commissary of Marine at Versailles.—The fifth is by the same, and is addressed to Fanquet, at Paris.—All these letters are dated the 24th and 25th of Feb. 1793, Adventure Bay, Diemen's Land. It is known that the writers of them were on board the ships under the orders of Rear-admiral d'Entrecasteaux, and that the letters therefore give no kind of information with respect to M. de la Peyrouse.—They contain nothing but expressions of good wishes and friendship for those to whom they are addressed, and may be obtained by applying to M. Poncet, head of the colonial office at Paris.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Literary Property valuable.

THE *Georgiques* of M. Delille, in the course of their sale, during forty years, have made the fortune of a whole family, and have been circulated throughout the literary world,

to the number of 200,000 copies. They have lately been sold by auction, to Messrs. Michaud, Printers and Booksellers, for 25,000 francs (1,000 guineas).

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF LORD WELLINGTON,

Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces, Chief Secretary to the Lord
Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c.

(Concluded from p. 65.)

for part. see p. 1

IN consequence of this signal and splendid victory, General Wellesley received the public thanks of the Governor-general in council.

On the evening of the 24th, the day after the battle, Colonel Stevenson joined with his division: the treachery of his guides, and other unexpected causes, had occasioned this delay; for which, however, no blame was at all imputable to that brave and excellent officer, who was immediately despatched in pursuit of the enemy, who, having collected together the broken remains of his army, had moved to the westward, along the course of the Taptee river; while General Wellesley himself remained on the heights of Adjunttee, regulating his movements by the approaches which the enemy might make to the southward; and in this situation he received some indirect, but vague and futile, overtures from Scindeah towards a negotiation.

While General Wellesley judiciously occupied this important position, Colonel Stevenson was successfully employed in the reduction of the city of Boorhunpoor and the fortress of Asseer Ghur; the latter hitherto deemed impregnable, and the

loss of which greatly accelerated the termination of the campaign.

On the 25th of October, General Wellesley having heard that the Rajah of Berar had passed the boundary of Candeish, and was proceeding towards the river Godavery, marched to the southward from the Adjunttee heights with the main body of the army. On the 29th he reached Arunghabad, where he received intelligence of the Rajah having gradually advanced to the eastward, being then at Lakeegun, about twenty miles north from Pultein, and immediately moved his army in pursuit of that chieftain.

The Rajah being thus pressed, endeavoured by every exertion of activity and stratagem, to elude the British force: between the night of the 29th of October and that of the 30th, he changed his position no less than five times, and with a view of drawing off the attention of General Wellesley, despatched a body of 5,000 chosen horse, under an able officer, to intercept a large convoy of bullocks and other necessary supplies for the British army, distant but a few days' march. Fully appreciating the views of the enemy, and the character of Captain Baynes, who commanded the

convoy, the General, however, continued to pursue and harass the Rajah with unremitting vigour: the result was a proof of his consummate judgment. Captain Baynes, with a comparatively much inferior force, defeated the enemy's detachment, with considerable slaughter, and reached the British camp in perfect safety.

This event, combined with the increasing terror of the British name, and the almost unparalleled activity of General Wellesley, strengthened the Rajah's determination of avoiding if possible a general engagement; he therefore rapidly retreated towards his own dominions. From that period till the 28th of November, the campaign in this quarter was entirely confined to retreat and pursuit; the British and Berar forces being scarcely ever more than a day's march apart. This unremitting chase was through a country hitherto untraversed by an English general. Extremely difficult in itself, it was infinitely less so to the flying army, who were well acquainted with the local resources of the country, than to that which pursued, who were totally strangers to them. In this novel but arduous species of contest, the military talents of the subject of this Memoir were eminently conspicuous. His patience under great difficulties was never exhausted; sharing the fatigues and privations of the soldiery in the same degree with the meanest private, he was at once their example and their idol: while his combined sagacity and activity rendered it impossible for the enemy to escape, notwithstanding the great and manifold advantages in this mode of warfare possessed by the latter.

During this unremitting pursuit of the Berar army, Scindeah found it expedient, reduced as he was to the greatest extremity by the brilliant and decisive victories of Lord Lake in Hindostan, and those of General Wellesley in the Deccan, to send an ambassador to the camp of the latter with propositions of peace; and at

length a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon between that chieftain and the British armies in the Deccan and the Guzeral, the principal condition of which was, that Scindeah's troops should occupy a position forty miles to the eastward of Elichpoor, and that the British force should not advance farther into the territories of the former.

At length, on the 28th of November, General Wellesley came up with the greatest part of the Rajah of Berar's regular infantry, strengthened by a large party of Scindeah's best cavalry; and as the stipulations of the truce had not been fulfilled on the part of the latter chieftain, although they had been strictly adhered to by General Wellesley, he determined on attacking this combined force with the utmost celerity, in order to deprive the enemy of the means of retreat, or of receiving reinforcements, and in defiance of the remonstrances of the ambassador of Scindeah, then in the English camp. As no treaty whatever existed with the Berar Rajah, and as the terms of the truce with Scindeah remained yet unacted upon by the latter, General Wellesley moved forward to Parterly, where he understood the confederates were encamped, and on his march was joined by the division under Colonel Stevenson, who had halted for that purpose at Andorah: by the time, however, that the British army had reached Parterly, the confederates had retired, though they were clearly discernible retreating, from the top of a lofty tower situated near the place.

From the length of the way which the British army had already marched, and the extreme heat of the day, General Wellesley was inclined to postpone the pursuit of the enemy till the evening; but he had not long been halted when large bodies of the enemy's horse appeared in front; and upon the piquets being pushed forward in consequence, the whole army of the combined Marhatta chieftains was discovered at about five miles distance

extended in a long line of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, in the plains of Argaum. Finding them in this position, General Wellesley resolved upon giving them battle instantly, and for that purpose moved on with his whole army in one column, the British cavalry leading the attack, in a direction nearly parallel to the enemy's line. On a nearer approach, the British force was formed into two lines; the first composed of the infantry, the second of the cavalry: the right wing was advanced upon the left of the enemy, and the British left wing was supported by the Mysore horse. In this order the whole advanced with the utmost regularity, steadiness, and intrepidity.

The engagement began by the 74th and 75th regiments being attacked by a large body of Persians, who, after a desperate conflict, were totally destroyed by those gallant corps. At this moment of time, also the enemy's cavalry were repulsed in a charge they furiously attempted on the 1st battalion of the 6th regiment of native infantry, on the left of the British line. They, however, once more rallied; when General Wellesley, putting himself at the head of the British cavalry, charged them with such fury that they broke, and, with the whole of the infantry, fled with such precipitation as to render it impossible for the English to pursue them with any advantage, but they were pursued for some miles by the cavalry, who cut off vast numbers, and captured the whole of their elephants and baggage, 38 pieces of artillery, and all their ammunition.

This victory, which was as decisive with respect to the army of the Berar chieftain as that of Assye had been to that of Scindeah, was attended with little loss to the victors. In it the same clear perception, quick judgment, and presence of mind which we have already mentioned as distinguishing the British General, was equally remarkable, whilst his personal bravery and skill were most emi-

nently conspicuous. In the charge which he made at the head of the cavalry, having disposed in their intervals some galloper guns, when arrived within a short distance from that of the enemy, he suddenly halted his whole line, and ordering the light artillery to advance, he gave the enemy's horse two or three discharges: when seeing them waver and grow unsteady, he instantly cut in upon them, and, in an instant, totally put them to the rout: thus practising, with entire success, a manœuvre equally novel and judicious, and entirely his own.

There remained now, save the reduction of Gawilghur, hardly any other enterprize worthy of General Wellesley's victorious arms. Upon this measure, therefore, he instantly determined, and in conjunction with Colonel Stevenson's division, arrived before that almost impregnable fortress, the last remaining to the enemy, of any importance, on the 7th of December, having dragged the heavy ordnance and necessary stores for the siege over mountains and through ravines, for a distance of thirty miles, by roads, which the troops themselves were obliged, with infinite difficulty, to make.

Gawilghur has long been celebrated by the historians of the Deccan, as one of the strongest bulwarks of that country. It stands on a high, rocky, steep hill, in the midst of the chain of mountains between the Taptee and Poonah rivers. There is one complete inner fort which fronts the south, where the rock is most inaccessible; and this citadel, as it may be called, is strengthened and defended by an outer fort, which entirely covers it to the north and north-west. The outer fort has a thick and high wall, which covers the approach to it from the north, and all its defences strongly built and fortified by ramparts and towers. To the whole of the fortress there are three entrances: one to the south, which leads to the inner fort; one to the north-west,

which leads to the outward ; and one to the north, which communicates with the third wall. The ascent to the first gate is very long, steep, and difficult ; that to the second is by a road used by the common communications of the garrison with the country to the southward, but this leads no farther than the gate, being extremely narrow, the rock scooped on each side, and, from its passing round the west side of the fort, is exposed to its fire for a considerable distance ; the last road to the northern gate leads directly from the village of Lambuda, and the ground along which it is made is level with that of the fort.

We have been induced to go into length in this description, in order to show our readers that the reduction of Gawilghur was an operation that required the union of the utmost skill, intrepidity, and perseverance ; but their admiration must be strongly excited, when it is known, that this hazardous and difficult enterprise was achieved within the short space of forty-eight hours ! On the night of the 12th of December the first batteries were opened against the north face of the fort, and on that of the 14th a practicable breach was reported in the walls of the outer fort. At ten in the morning of the 14th, the outer fort was carried with immense slaughter of the garrison ; but the walls of the inner, which we have already described, had yet no breach whatever. Several attempts were then made to blow up the gate of communication between the outer and inner forts, but in vain. A place, however, on the wall was discovered which it appeared barely possible to escalate. Against this place Captain Campbell, with the light company of the 94th regiment, immediately fixed the ladders, which having mounted with incredible resolution and agility, they threw themselves into the inner fort, the garrison of which in astonishment and confusion, flung down their arms, and surrendered.

This well-planned, vigorous, and

brilliant enterprise brought the war to a speedy conclusion. The Rajah of Berar, terrified and amazed at the rapidity of General Wellesley's operations, even in that mountainous and difficult country, instantly determined on concluding a peace, without referring to the opinion, or waiting the determination of his ally. Not a day was lost in bringing this resolution to the knowledge of the British General. The negotiations were set on foot on the 16th of December, and the treaty of peace between the British government in India and the Rajah of Berar was actually concluded the day following !—a striking instance of the characteristic despatch and decision of General Wellesley, who in this act of diplomacy, as well as that of a similar nature conducted with the ambassador of Scindeah a few days subsequent, showed himself equally able in the cabinet as in the field.

On the 30th of December, General Wellesley had also the happiness and distinguished good fortune to conclude a peace with Scindeah, who thus wisely averted the evils which he saw threatening him with utter destruction. Both treaties were speedily ratified by the Governor-general at Calcutta. These treaties were the admiration of all India, for the moderate and equitable conditions which were allowed to the vanquished confederates, and which clearly showed that the objects of the war, on the part of the British government, were not conquest, but a secure and solid peace.

Thus terminated the glorious and ever-memorable Marhatta war of 1803 ; an eternal record of the comprehensive mind and gigantic ability of the Marquis Wellesley, who planned, and of the heroism and military talents of Generals Lake and Wellesley, who carried it into execution. Its consequences may be thus briefly enumerated :—The venerable representative of the house of Timur was rescued from bondage and penury in which he was held by a French fac-

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tion, and restored to the throne and capital of his ancestors, where his grey hairs have since descended in peace to the grave, and his last prayers, after a life of wonderful and unexampled vicissitude, have been poured forth for the happiness and welfare of his deliverers; the Peishwash, another of the native sovereigns, has regained, through the same powerful interference, the Musnud of Poonah, and thus secured to the British government a faithful and most valuable alliance, with the full benefit of the treaties concluded with him; a considerable portion of territory and revenue were added to the company's dominions, and their own empire considerably strengthened, and rendered more secure by the acquisition; the French interests in India utterly and irreparably destroyed; and the two greatest native powers of India reduced to an unconditional dependence upon British generosity: whilst the wisdom, policy, and military renown of the British character was raised to such a height throughout the whole peninsula, as must render its empire infinitely more stable in future, and its government thenceforward the certain refuge of its allies, and the dread of its enemies.

The share which General Wellesley had in producing these glorious results were justly appreciated, both abroad and at home. On the 14th of February, the inhabitants of Calcutta came to a resolution of presenting him with a superb sword of the value of 1000*l.* sterling, which was afterwards presented to him with a suitable address. The inhabitants of the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, as well native as European, also testified their sense of his meritorious services, by their separate addresses of thanks and congratulation, and by splendid entertainments in honour of his name and in commemoration of his victories.

In England, General Wellesley was rewarded for his services by being raised by his sovereign to the com-

panionship of the highest military order of knighthood in the world, that of the Bath; and had the further gratification of receiving the noblest meed a British officer can acquire, the thanks of his country, voted to him by both houses of Parliament, on the 3d and 4th of May, 1804, for his brilliant achievements.

The esteem and regard in which General Wellesley was held by his brother officers, who had served with him in the campaign in the Deccan, may best be gathered by the resolution into which they entered, on the 26th of February, 1804, to present him with a superb golden vase, of the value of 2000 guineas, as a mark of their esteem and regard, and as a lasting memorial of the brilliant victories to which he led them.

The profound tranquillity which succeeded the Marhatta war in every part of India allowing of no other opportunity of distinguishing himself in that quarter, early in the year 1805, General (now Sir Arthur) Wellesley returned to Europe.

A short time after his arrival in England, Sir Arthur Wellesley was placed upon the staff and commanded a brigade in Lord Cathcart's expedition to Hanover in 1805. He afterwards commanded in one of the coast districts, where his discipline and management were as creditable to his military character as a tactician, as his general deportment towards the officers, under his command was to his reputation as a soldier and a gentleman.

The death of the Marquis Cornwallis, colonel of the 33d, had made a vacancy, which was filled up by naming Sir Arthur Wellesley to succeed him in the regiment; the only military favour he ever received, and one which he could not have been well denied, having been its lieutenant-colonel thirteen years, and present with it for almost the whole of that time, during a period of very active service.

During the short-lived administration of Lord Grenville, Sir Arthur

Wellesley set in parliament for an Irish borough, and frequently took an active part in the debates, so far as they concerned the Marquis Wellesley, his brother, who at this period still continued to be the object of a persecution unexampled even in the worst times of republican ingratitude. This subject is too complicated, and too foreign to our purpose, to dwell on here. It is sufficient to observe, that upon every question in which the conduct or character of that illustrious person was implicated, Sir Arthur was found at his post. Perfectly competent to the task, he brought his thorough knowledge of the Marquis Wellesley's policy and practice in the administration of the government of India before the bar of the public, and constantly convinced his auditors, if he could not silence his adversaries: whilst his mode of speaking, at once simple, perspicuous, and energetic, was united with so much real modesty and diffidence of manner, as to secure him no small share of the favour of the House, and a constant degree of flattering attention.

On the accession of the present administration, Sir Arthur was named to the high situation of chief Secretary to the Lord lieutenant of Ireland, and accompanied the Duke of Richmond thither in that situation. This office, one certainly incompatible with the duties of that profession which he had chosen, and of which he was the greatest ornament, he accepted, on the condition of its not prejudicing his military views and pursuits. Accordingly we find him actively employed, and high in command, under Lord Cathcart, in the expedition against Denmark, undertaken with a view of capturing the Danish fleet in the Baltic, in the month of August, 1807.

The characteristic vigour and activity of Sir Arthur Wellesley were eminently conspicuous upon this occasion. As the extraordinary supineness of the vast British fleet under the command of Admiral Gambier

threw the burthen of the reduction of Copenhagen entirely upon the land forces, considerable delay took place in the operations against that city, which could not otherwise have occurred. During this period, the Danish troops, taking advantage of the delay, began to assemble in force in the interior of the island, and it was deemed necessary to order Sir Arthur Wellesley to march against them with a strong detachment. This service he performed with his accustomed celerity and good fortune, completely defeating and dispersing the enemy at Kioge, taking upwards of 60 officers and 1,500 men, 14 pieces of cannon, and a quantity of powder and ammunition.

This timely victory, the only service worth noticing in that campaign, materially contributed to the reduction of Copenhagen, which event speedily followed; on the 7th of September, the articles of capitulation being negotiated and signed by Sir Arthur Wellesley (who was sent for for that purpose from his command in the country, "where," says Lord Cathcart, in his despatch, "he had distinguished himself in a manner so honourable to himself and so advantageous to the public"), Sir Home Popham and Lieutenant-colonel Murray being also named with him in the same commission.

The virtues and achievements which had hitherto marked Sir Arthur's military career, however really splendid in themselves, from the distance of the scene of action and the supposed imbecility of the enemy against whom he had acted in India, were not so highly appreciated as they deserved to be at home. The moment was, however approaching when his fame was to be thoroughly established throughout Europe, by a series of the most brilliant successes over some of the best troops and ablest generals in the world.

When the recent efforts of the Spanish patriots held forth a prospect of liberating our natural and ancient

ally, the Portuguese, from French tyranny and oppression, Sir Arthur Wellesley (who had now attained the rank of Lieutenant-general) was destined to command an expedition fitting out at Cork for the purpose of acting in Portugal. The particulars of this campaign we are enabled to detail with accuracy, as well from the official despatches of General Wellesley himself, which will be found in that part of our publication appropriated to them, as from an account of it drawn up with great apparent fidelity and accuracy in a respectable morning paper.*

On the 12th day of July, Lieutenant-general Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed from Cork, in command of the British expedition destined to act in Portugal against the French troops in that country, and which were now tolerably well known to consist solely of the troops under General Junot, styled "Duke of Abrantes," in the occupation of Lisbon and its vicinity.

On the 17th, Sir Arthur quitted the convoy, and with his interpreter and secretary proceeded in a light vessel to Corunna, where he remained some days; during which time he informed himself of the actual situation of the French force in the north of Spain, took measures to communicate with the patriot juntas in that quarter, and also found means to despatch messengers to that of Seville, and to General Spencer, then supposed to be with his division at Cadiz. Having accomplished these material objects, he proceeded to join the expedition, and arrived with them at Mondego Bay, at the entrance of the river of that name, on the coast of Portugal, after a tedious passage of twenty days.

This point of landing was apparently chosen by Sir Arthur, as, besides being sufficiently near Lisbon to sit down before it in a few days' march, it afforded many facilities for the necessary refreshment of so large a body of troops after their voyage, and for

their requisite equipment for the march towards the capital. In fact, during the stay of Sir Arthur at this place, the whole of the troops were put in such a state of comfort, from their supplies of every kind, that they were in a condition to undergo any fatigue or privation without a murmur or any real detriment, whatever service or enterprise they might be put upon, in a few days after their landing. From Oporto, the general at this point also was enabled to receive the most efficient assistance, all the mules and carriages necessary for the movement of the army having been provided through the bishop of that diocese, whose influence was very great, and zeal in the cause of his country unbounded; he exerted himself so as to procure an abundant supply for the use of the commissariat of the whole British army, and forwarded them to head-quarters previously to their march for Lisbon. By landing here also, Sir Arthur Wellesley had the fairest prospect of being joined not only by General Spencer's force, but also that of General Anstruther, of whose intended junction with him he was now apprised—one or both of which events it was absolutely necessary to the future success of his army should take place before he approached too near Junot, whose force was far superior to his without such assistance. But, above all, in this very critical period, when Marshal Bessieres had been successful against the patriot Spanish army in Leon, and who might have therefore advanced towards Portugal to relieve Junot, General Wellesley would have had it in his power, from this position, to have intercepted that officer, and have given him battle before he could have formed a junction with the Duke of Abrantes.

Fortunately, the successes in South Spain of the patriot General, Castanos, first gave a check to Marshal Bessieres, and then, combined with other

* ORACLE, September 7,

circumstances of disaster, compelled him to a retrograde movement from Benavente to Burgos. We say fortunately; for although we have not a doubt but that Sir Arthur would have annihilated the force under Bessieres, it still would have caused a protraction of the very desirable events which have since taken place in another quarter of the country.

Judicious, however, as all these circumstances rendered a landing at Mondego, the disembarkation, owing to the bar at the end of the mouth of the river, was tedious, nor could it be effected at a more rapid rate than that of a brigade a day. This delay was, however, fortunate in one respect, as the force under General Spencer arrived previously to that under Sir Arthur having completed its landing; this operation was, therefore, continued with respect to General Spencer's force, without any period intervening, which gave it the appearance of a single disembarkation: a circumstance eventually of much consequence, as Junot remained in ignorance of Sir Arthur being thus reinforced, which probably induced him to advance from Lisbon with the whole of his army, in the hope of fighting under the great advantage of the superiority of numbers.

This operation was effected under the direction of Captain Pulteney Malcolm, of the Donegal (assisted by Captains Adams and Cadogan, of the navy), and was conducted by him with the utmost skill and attention. Indeed, during the whole of the campaign, the harmony between the two services was remarkable, and was never once interrupted. The force now under Sir Arthur Wellesley was about 14,000 men, including cavalry and artillery, without reckoning the 9th veteran battalion, which remained on board the ships of war, which latter were ordered to sail to the southward, keeping in with the shore, and as much on a line with the *route* of the army as possible. It was at this time understood that the French had a post

at Peniche, which the General intended to have attacked, and which service was to have been effected by the above-mentioned battalion, in conjunction with the naval force.

The certainty of Marshal Bessieres having retreated upon Burgos, and the fortunate junction of General Spencer's division, now enabled the Commander-in-chief to undertake, consistently with the utmost prudence, active operations against Junot, with every reasonable prospect of success. He, therefore, having completed all his arrangements with respect to the future comfort of the troops, and to their complete equipment for their march, moved, early on the morning of the 9th, to the southward, carrying with him seventeen days' provision for the whole army, in case, that should the fleet be blown off the coast, he might yet act independently of it. Each soldier carried three days' food in his knapsack, there were five days' laden on mules, and nine in the commissariat. Each soldier was also furnished with 120 rounds of ball cartridge.

The British army reached the city of Leria on the 12th, which had lately been occupied by the French, but who had retreated to Ahobaça on the approach of the English, having first plundered the town, and committed the greatest atrocities. In particular, but a few days before, after having used the bishop of the diocese with the greatest indignity, they stripped him naked, and tied him down in his chair, while they brought his niece into the room, and used her with such complicated violence and barbarity that she died on the spot, before the eyes of her venerable relative. This cruelty was effected in order to extort the church plate and other property, which they supposed the bishop to be the depositary of. Leria is a city of Estremadura, containing about 3,500 inhabitants, and is the see of a bishop. It is situate about 60 miles N.N.E. of Lisbon, and about 40 S. of Coimbra.

Hitherto the army had regularly encamped every night, principally in

the woods and vineyards. Sir Arthur purposely avoided the towns and villages which lay in his *route*, in order to escape as much as possible putting the inhabitants to inconvenience. It may also here be remarked, that the Commander-in-chief, on taking up the ground for the night, always encamped the troops in column, in their order of march, instead of the usual mode of encampment in line;—by which much delay was avoided, both in encamping and in breaking up for the march, and was one far more adapted to the convenience of the soldiery than the usual method.

At Leria information was received that Junot had taken possession of the strong passes in the mountains on the high road to Lisbon, with the advance of his army under Generals Laborde and Breniere; and that he proposed moving the division of his troops under Loison to the assistance of the former, and would most probably bring up himself the main strength of the French army on the same position. It was also now ascertained, that the enemy's advanced posts were at Ahobaça, about a day's march in front of the British army. Under these circumstances, it became essential to his future success, that the Commander-in-chief should possess himself of those passes before Laborde should be re-enforced by Loison, and perhaps by Junot himself with the whole of the French army, in a position which, thus strengthened, might oppose the most serious obstacles to the future success of the campaign. To accomplish this object, every species of baggage or camp equipage which could at all impede the rapid movements of the army, even to the soldiers' tents, were left at Leria; and for the remainder of their march the British troops slept in the open air, which, as the weather was very fine, occasioned little or no inconvenience.

On the 13th, the army occupied

Ahobaça, whence the enemy had retreated the preceding evening; and, on the 15th, arrived at Caldas, a small town of Estremadura, distant about 15 miles eastward from Peniche. As soon as General Wellesley took up his ground, he sent a small detachment of riflemen to drive the French from the village of Brilos, where they had a post, three miles in front; which was gallantly effected; pursuing the enemy, however, too far, they were nearly cut off: But, covered by General Spencer, effected their retreat to Obidos, a small town about two miles to the west of Caldas, whither the enemy durst not pursue them. The gallantry of those few troops engaged in this slight affair, the first which occurred, was very conspicuous. Here it was that Lieutenant Bunbury, of the 95th, a native of Ireland, was killed; and the Hon. Captain Pakenham, brother to Lord Longford, and brother-in-law to Sir Arthur Wellesley, was slightly wounded. Obidos is 38 miles north of Lisbon. On this day the French were understood to be in force at Borica, about ten miles in front of the British army.

On the 17th, Sir Arthur Wellesley moved forward to attack General Laborde, who was posted on the heights in front of the mountain passes; his right and left were protected by posts on the hills which flanked his position. His strength was about 5,500 infantry, 5 pieces of cannon, and 500 cavalry. General Breniere was his second in command.

The situation of the enemy, and the able dispositions made by the Commander-in-chief, are so well described in his despatch from Villa Verde of the above date, that we shall not venture even to recapitulate them.* Suffice it, that he succeeded, first, in driving the enemy of the heights in front of the passes; next, in forcing him from his almost inaccessible position in the mountains; and, lastly, in defeating him on the levels on the

* Vide Gazette, page, 223.

summit of the mountains, where he made a last and terrible effort to maintain himself, and whence at length he retreated, having lost three pieces of cannon, and nearly 1,500 troops in killed, wounded, and missing. Nor was the loss of the English inconsiderable, it being nearly that of 400 men, and some excellent officers; among the latter were Colonels Lake and Stewart—the former killed on the spot, the latter mortally wounded.

In order to appreciate the vast consequence of this victory, we must remember, that had not Laborde's strong position been forced critically on this very day, he would, according to the best accounts, have been strengthened that evening by Loison's division, who was within a day's march of him; and it was known that Junot had left Lisbon with the same intention, with the whole of his remaining force. As it was, it required all the ability displayed by the General, and all the prowess of the British troops, to drive him thence. How it might have turned out, had such a position been occupied by 15,000 Frenchmen, it is not easy to determine. Indeed both English and French fought on this occasion as if every individual engaged were fully sensible of the absolute necessity, the one of retaining, the other of forcing this important pass. The 9th and 29th foot were, on this day, for some time, exposed to the shock of the whole French force, they having been the first regiments who reached the heights. Three times were these gallant corps attacked in the most furious manner by an immensely superior force of the enemy, and as often repulsed them; till at length other corps having surmounted the heights, came to their assistance, which enabled them to compel their adversaries to retreat.

The positions taken up by the Commander-in-chief, his mode of attacking the enemy, and the whole of his subsequent manœuvres, were the admiration of the whole army; whilst

his personal exertions and activity appeared almost incredible. Wherever was the hardest fighting, there was the General to be seen; and to his personal gallantry no small portion of the glorious victory may fairly be ascribed.

The want of cavalry was here begun to be severely felt. Had Sir Arthur's army been furnished with any thing like its fair proportion of that species of force, the battle of Rolea would have terminated fatally indeed for the French. Had there been 1,500, or even 1,000 British horse in the field on that day, in the first instance, the French could hardly have made good their retreat from the heights to the mountain passes when first pressed by Sir Arthur; and, secondly, when between on their summits, they must have been nearly destroyed in the pursuit. On the contrary, they were by this unfortunate circumstance enabled to retreat in perfect good order. Before we quit this part of our subject, it may not be unnecessary to remark, that the French attack on the heights was made in *echelon*, differing from their mode in the subsequent battle, where they advanced in column—the former by far the most formidable and destructive operation.

On the 18th, the Commander-in-chief heard the joyful intelligence of the division of the British force (despatched from Harwich in aid of General Wellesley's expedition) under Brigadier-general Anstruther, being off the coast of Peniche. Sir Arthur accordingly marched to Lourinha, about eight miles distance from Villa Verde, inclining towards the sea, in order to cover the landing of the newly arrived force, and to effect a junction; both which measures being completely effected by the evening of the 19th, on the 20th Sir Arthur advanced with a strength of nearly 18,000 effective men, in pursuit of the enemy, and took up his ground that evening at the village of Vimiera, which he occupied. In the evening, Lieutenant-general Sir Harry Burrard arrived

from England to take the command of the troops of Portugal, until Sir Hew Dalrymple should come from Gibraltar. General Burrard had left that part of the expedition which he commanded, some days before, in the care of Sir John Moore, and came himself in a fast-sailing vessel to the coast. Having had communications with Sir Harry Berrard on board, Sir Arthur, in the belief that he would be attacked the next day by the enemy, ordered the troops to be under arms at sun-rise on the 21st.

General Laborde, after the affair of the 17th, fell back upon Torres Vedras, a tolerably large town, 21 miles north of Lisbon, on the day of his defeat having retreated in the whole about 17 miles, and was joined in the evening by the division under Loison. General Junot arrived there on the following day; and thus the whole French force being concentrated, they determined, as Sir Arthur Wellesley had foreseen, on attacking the British force at Vimiera.

The English troops were under arms, agreeably to their orders, by break of day of the 21st; but the French not appearing, they were allowed to take some refreshment. About seven o'clock, certain intelligence of the approach of the French having reached the Commander-in-chief, the *generale* was beat, and the whole army assembled in a moment, with a regularity and quickness most admirable, and with an ardour to be led against the enemy which no danger could damp, actuated as they were by truly British feelings, and the utmost confidence in the abilities of their heroic leader. There being still time, Sir Arthur altered his position, and took that in which he determined to await the attack of the enemy, about a mile in front of the village.

In this action, as in that of the 17th, the want of cavalry is as feelingly to be deplored, as it is pointedly alluded to by the Commander-in-chief, in his report of the battle. This deficiency alone prevented the victory from be-

ing as complete as it was brilliant. In spite, however, of this deficiency, the loss of the enemy cannot be computed at less than 4,000 men, and nearly the whole of his artillery. That of the British was comparatively trivial.

The French had in the field about 15,200 men, of which 1,200 were cavalry: this latter force by no means distinguished itself, not having once come to a charge in the course of the day; but its position and numbers were formidable, and it contributed to keep a considerable body of the British troops in check, occupied by watching its movements. Their uniform was green.

The boasted French Artillery on this day was served in every respect far inferiorly to that of the English. Indeed it is impossible to convey an idea of the precision with which the latter was directed, and the execution it made in the ranks of the enemy. The SHRAPNELL *shells* (so called from their inventor, Colonel SHRAPNELL, of the artillery) in particular made dreadful havock among the ranks of the French. They contain about 100 musket bullets, and are calculated to explode at given distances, on which they instantly spread death and devastation around. Indeed, so much were the French dismayed at the effects of this novel instrument of war, that many of the grenadiers, who were made prisoners, declared that they could not stand it, and were literally taken lying down on the ground, or under cover of bushes and the high banks of some ditches in the field of battle.

The honour of the French military character was, however, for some time nobly supported by its infantry. Their order of attack was in column, a mode of warfare which they have hitherto successfully practised against the Austrian and other troops on the continent. On this occasion, however, it entirely failed. So far from attaining the object of this manœuvre, that of penetrating the English line, and taking it then in flank to the right

and left, they never approached near enough for the British bayonet to act, that their heads of columns were not invariably broken, and the whole thrown into confusion. What also contributed materially to their defeat was the scientific manner in which the English Commander-in-chief met this species of attack.

The French army advanced in three large columns, in such a manner as to bring them all to bear upon the British left and centre. Invariably as each advanced, independently of the resistance it met in the front, it was taken on the flanks by the fire of corps advanced for that purpose by a small change in their position by which means they lost a surprising number of men before they could put it to the issue of the bayonet. In no case did the French come to the resort of this latter weapon, that they were not instantly broken, not standing its push an instant.

The advance of the enemy to the attack was impetuous, and even furious. As they approached, they saluted the English with every opprobrious epithet which their language is so eminently fertile in. While, on the contrary, the latter in derision cheered them as they approached. Their dress was singular; it was blue, with white facings; over the whole of which was worn a white woolen surtout, somewhat like a waggoner's smock-frock; their caps square, like those of the Hulahns; and goatskin knapsacks. Their musketry was throughout formidable, particularly that of two Swiss regiments in their service who have behaved most gallantly. Their *voltigeurs* were upon the whole good, but far inferior in activity and real service to the English riflemen.

Before the action, General Junot harangued his army in the following laconic address:—"Frenchmen, there is the sea; you must drive those English into it." In fact, they did their utmost for nearly three hours and a half to obey his orders, but never during that time made the smallest im-

pression on the English line, although they repeatedly rallied, and tried every thing which could be effected by rapidity of movement and pertinacity of attack; at length, wearied out and beaten, they were forced to give way in every direction, and were pursued off the field of battle by the British infantry for three miles.

The proportion of forces in the field was greatly in favour of the English; not so of those who were actually engaged. Of the latter, not above 9,000 were brought to action, whilst every man of the French told. When the French retreated, General Hill's wing, which formed the second line of the British army, and were destined to receive the French had they penetrated the first, had not fired a gun, were quite fresh, and might have been led in pursuit of the enemy immediately, had it been deemed right so to have done.

In short, the battle of Vimiera was decided by superior generalship in the leader, and superior bravery in the soldier—every manœuvre was practised in it which could arise out of the combined and various movements of attack and defence—repeated change of position occurred on both sides, and the palm of victory was at length the prize of him who best deserved to wear it, after a long and arduous contest of nearly four hours.

In considering the relative merit of the privates of the French army with those of their leaders, the credit must clearly be given to the former; for during the battle no distinguishing act of valour could with justice be ascribed to the officer; while the soldier, generally speaking, acted with marked gallantry and courage.

In this glorious and ever-memorable day, the most conspicuous circumstance connected with it is, doubtless, the conduct of the British Commander-in-chief, as well from his rank as his responsibility—on him every thing turned—to his conduct every one looked—the good or the evil which

might result from the expedition was referred to him alone:—a concise view, therefore, of the principal features of his short but important command, is imperiously demanded from us. Some leading facts, however, as to the state of the army under his command, may, perhaps, answer our purpose better than any thing we can say of himself.

From the day that he took the command to that on which he resigned it, but three desertions took place; those were all from the 5th battalion of the 60th, a rifle corps, and the parties were foreigners. Those men were caught and delivered up by the Portuguese to the English Provost-marshal; but were released without punishment, in consequence of the deportment of the corps to which they belonged. In presence of the whole army, Sir Arthur thanked them for their uniform gallant conduct, and restored them these men without punishment, as the best reward he could bestow upon them.

From the commencement of the march from Mondego Bay to Vimiera there was not a single punishment inflicted for straggling, or plunder even of the minutest article.

Every day during that march each soldier had a pound of fresh meat, and a sufficiency of bread and wine for his comfortable subsistence; and on coming into action there was scarcely a sick man in the hospitals of the camp, the whole army being in such a state of health and vigour, that they were capable of any enterprize they could be put upon.

During the whole of this period, Sir Arthur never went under cover at night, but always slept on the ground in the open air; he was the first up, and the last down of the whole camp, sleeping constantly in his clothes, and his horse picquetted near him, ready saddled, to be mounted at a moment's warning.

In the whole of this anxious period, he was cheerful, affable, and easy of access—enduring every privation

himself, he was attentive to the wants of all, and ever active to obviate or remedy them.

Of his dispositions in the field we have already spoken. In personal bravery he has been rarely equalled, never excelled. Conspicuous by the star of the order he adorns, he was constantly in the hottest part of the action; wherever a corps was to be led on, from the death of its officer, or any other unexpected cause, Sir Arthur was on the spot to head it. This was the case distinctly when Colonel Lake fell—he instantly put himself at the head of the grenadiers of the 29th, charged, and defeated the enemy!

Is it wonderful that such a man should be the idol of his soldiers, and the admiration of his brother officers? These sentiments were universally shown when he was cheered by the whole line, after the action of the 21st, exclaiming—"This glorious day is our old General's"—and when congratulated by the general officers on the victory, they all eagerly ascribed it to him as "**EXCLUSIVELY HIS OWN!**"

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the glorious 21st of August, Sir Arthur Wellesley's command in chief totally ceased, and, on the 24th, he was named to that of the fourth division.

Sir Arthur is married to the daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Longford, by whom he has two children.

Sir Arthur was superseded in his command immediately after the victory of Vimiera, and the honour acquired by it was tarnished by the disgraceful convention of Cintra, afterwards made by Sir Hew Dalrymple, as Commander-in-chief of the British forces. Sir Arthur had an active part in this negotiation, being particularly consulted, together with Sir Harry Banard on the subject of the convention. As he, however, acted entirely in a subordinate capacity, it would be unfair to impute to him the disgrace of that proceeding, which was governed and effected eventually by one

whose authority was not subject to his examination or control. Sir Arthur's entire repugnance and hostility to that measure were warmly asserted by his friends, who could not bear to see his fame impeached after his late brilliant success; while his complete acquiescence and participation in the convention, were with equal positiveness asserted by the adherents of the Commander-in-chief.

The occurrence of this event, however, and the inquiries that it occasioned, caused the return of Sir Arthur to England: while the command of the forces in Portugal and Spain was intrusted to Sir John Moore.—The fate of this officer's attempt to retrieve the Spanish affairs, is too well known to need description. Owing to the lethargy and weakness of Spain, and the superior forces of the French, he was stopped in his meditated march into Spain, and was driven back upon Corunna, where he was killed in an engagement on the 16th of January, 1809, and his army obliged to embark for England.

It was at this moment that the affairs of the peninsula appeared desperate. The gleam of sunshine which had lately dawned seemed to be again overpowered by an impenetrable gloom: and those who had looked forward to the Spanish cause with the most sanguine expectation, appeared to sink into hopeless despondency. At such a crisis as this, all eyes were turned upon Sir Arthur; and being now released from the necessity which required his presence in England, he was again sent out to Portugal, the former scene of his triumph, as Commander-in-chief of the British forces.

Shortly after the death of Sir John Moore, Marshal Soult had advanced from Corunna and taken possession of a post on the north, while Marshal Victor was advancing, by the way of Bajadoz, upon Lisbon. In the mean while, however, the Austrian war breaking out compelled the return of Buonaparte with a conside-

erable portion of his army to France, and obliged him for a time to suspend vigorous operations in Spain and Portugal. Taking advantage of this interval, Sir Arthur, in the spring, 1809, marched from Lisbon towards Oporto, to attack Soult.

Soult finding his situation untenable, retreated rapidly, and by skilful generalship, escaped safely with his main army, the rear being only partially engaged with the British near Oporto, and being compelled to abandon great part of its artillery, and baggage. By this event, Portugal was a second time freed from her enemies, and leisure was given to the British forces to turn their attention to the relief of Spain, where the present crisis seemed to present very favourable prospects.

For this purpose Sir Arthur, after remaining some time in Lisbon, set out for Spain, and began his march with a view, it would seem, of advancing upon Madrid, and driving the French forces, now somewhat reduced, and not likely to receive reinforcements, beyond the boundaries of the Ebro. To resist this attempt, Joseph Buonaparte joined Marshal Victor with his forces, in consequence of which the French army amounted to 35,000 men, which were now stationed in the neighbourhood of Talavera, upon the banks of the river Albercle. Here Sir Arthur meant to have attacked them on the 24th of July: but it was discovered that the French had retreated, in order to form a junction with General Sebastiani. After the junction of Sebastiani and all their forces in that part of Spain, the French attacked the British and Spanish armies on the 27th July, at their position upon the Albercle. Here a severe and bloody battle took place, in which, according to the British accounts, the French were defeated at every point of attack. Their loss is stated at 10,000 killed and wounded, among the former Generals Jupisse and Malat, and among the latter, Sebastiani and Boulet. The

loss of the British was probably not much less; amounting, according to their own accounts, to 6000 British, and 1000 Spanish, killed and wounded: among the killed were a Major and a Brigadier-general. Judging from the consequences, it appears that much blood was spilt, without any important effect to either side. It was a matter of triumph to the British, to meet and defeat the attack of a veteran French army: while the French might boast of baffling the march of their adversaries to Madrid, and, in consequence of further reinforcements after the battle, of compelling him to desert his wounded, as he was obliged to do a few days after.

From the events of this day, however, Sir Arthur received the title of Lord Viscount Wellington, with a pension.

During the residue of 1809, Lord Wellington remained inactive, Portugal being free from the French arms. In the beginning of 1810, Napoleon having made peace with Austria, reinforced the armies in Spain, and prosecuted the war with vigour. The Spaniards were every where defeated, the Sierra Morena passed, Andalusia occupied by their troops, and Cadiz besieged by a portion of their army. Vast preparations were at the same time made for the conquest of Portugal; a large army appointed and placed under the command of one of the most successful of the French Generals, Marshal Massena, for the third, and it was expected decisive, invasion of Portugal.

By the month of August, Massena arrived on the frontier of Portugal, with an army which he boasted amounted to 110,000 men. Ciudad Rodrigo, and Almeida successively fell before him, and though he was attentively watched by Lord Wellington at the head of a large British and Portuguese force, no engagement except the affair of General Crawford took place between them. Immediately after the capture of Al-

meida, which took place on the 27th August, the British army began its retreat upon Coimbra, and moved rapidly by the French.

It was not the wish or design of Lord Wellington, to put to risk the cause of the peninsula in a general engagement, knowing the strength of those fortifications near Lisbon, which he, in imitation probably of Grinat, had considered as a sure ground, upon which to baffle and weary out his enemy.

To preserve Coimbra, however, if possible, Lord Wellington took a position in September on the heights of Busaco, which lay across the direct route of the French, and waited their approach. Here ensued several engagements on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of September, in which, according to the British account, the French left 2000 killed on the field, and had an immense number wounded; the British loss being comparatively small. No good effect ensued, however from this victory; for Lord Wellington immediately retreated upon Lisbon, and took possession of those lines of intrenchment which he had prepared as his permanent position. From the beginning of October till the month of March, the armies remained in this neighbourhood, looking at one another, with only a slight change of position by the French. By the month of March, however, the French, destitute of provisions, worn out with famine, with no prospect of being able peacefully to penetrate this formidable barrier, and harassed by the Portuguese militia and peasantry, found their cause hopeless, and determined on a retreat. They commenced their retreat on the 5th of March, 1811, with admirable order and skill, and by the beginning of April, passed the frontier without being brought to a general battle, but not without the immense loss and difficulties necessarily incident to a retreating army in a hostile country. The last accounts from Portugal mention, that Lord

Wellington had given up the pursuit of Massena's army, considering it as rendered ineffective for some time, and has remained in the neighbourhood of Almeida, to which he had laid siege.

The history of Lord Wellington for the last two years, presents a busy and an active scene: and one connected with events which will ever excite deep attention and interest. His mode of conquering Massena, by delay, presents a striking contrast to his former operations, by which he has sometimes drawn on himself the im-

putation of rashness. He has probably grown more circumspect with experience, and has studied, with some success, to unite the coolness of Washington with the fire of Greene. Certainly he has met with success in the last six months, which cannot fail to add lustre to his fame: nor can the great advantages of position, both as to strength and supply, detract from that merit which had the genius to conceive and the foresight to provide, and to adopt, a course which the fullest success has justified.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ON THE HUMOUR OF ADDISON.

From Dr. Aikin's "Essays, Literary and Miscellaneous," just published.

IN the constellation of men of genius which shed lustre upon English literature during the early part of the eighteenth century, the palm is given to Addison for that delicate kind of humour which, for the purpose either of correction or amusement, attaches a gentle and good-natured ridicule to delineations of manners and customs. This award of criticism seems never to have been disputed; and if we include in the competition all the attempts in this walk that have appeared from his age to the present time, the claim of Addison to superiority will, probably, still remain unshaken. The peculiar character, however, of his humour has not, perhaps, yet been considered with sufficient distinctness; at least, the latest eminent writer who has given an estimate of the genius of Addison, seems to me to have been strangely mistaken in this point. "His humour" (says Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*) "is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never outstrips the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment

or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amuse by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of the imagination."

The preceding passage is one of the many instances of the haste and negligence discernible in this work of the celebrated author, who appears, in composing of it, to have trusted almost entirely to his recollections of past reading and early impressions. What there is of positive in the description is too vague and general to afford any precise ideas; and the negative part may easily be shown to be extremely erroneous. That there is no fiction or aggravation in Addison's humorous pictures, is so far from being true, that many of the most entertaining, and which most characterize his manner, are founded on nothing else. It is a frequent practice with him to seize on some story, fabulous or historical, and, adopting only the lead-

ing circumstance, to found upon it a fiction of his own, of an entirely ludicrous kind; and this is the species of humour in which he is, perhaps, the most original and unrivalled. Of this artifice, the following examples may be pointed out.

The fanciful notion of "words congealed in northern air" is worked up by him into a very pleasing story (*Tatler*, No. 254), which he pretends to have taken from a manuscript of the noted traveller Sir John Mandeville—in which ascription, indeed, he is not very happy, as Sir John was not the commander of a ship, and his travels did not lie towards the north. The narrative, however, is full of entertainment, from the well-invented incidents which, granting the hypothesis, appear perfectly natural, and are related with all the simplicity of truth. The gradual loss of voice on the increase of cold; the thawing of the frozen sounds, with the comic circumstances produced by it; and the strokes of national character displayed in the different effects of this phenomenon: are admirable specimens of that easy play of the imagination, which to fertility of humorous fiction adds the unconstrained air of reality.

The Taliacotian practice of engrafting noses, wittily touched upon by Butler in a simile, has supplied Addison with the subject of a paper in the *Tatler* (No. 260) in which he has given full scope to his comic invention, but certainly not without a manifest turn to ludicrous exaggeration. The foundation of the story was, indeed, something like fact; but the fiction of a sympathy between the inserted nose and the part whence it was taken, copied by Addison from *Hudibras*, was a happy addition, which he has employed to the fabrication of various laughable circumstances.

The supposed register of those who took the lover's leap (*Spectator*, No. 233), is another example of his facility of sportive invention, and is not less distinguished for its classical propriety than for its elegant humour. The

varied characters of the leapers, male and female, and the comic and satiric touches of incident connected with them, are conceived in his happiest manner. The bill of mortality of lovers (*Spect.* No. 377) is a kind of continuation of this idea, and is equally excellent.

Will. Honeycomb's dream of women carrying out their respective loads from a besieged town (*Spect.* No. 499), a contrast to the true story of the good wives of Hennesberg, is a further instance of ludicrous fiction suggested by an historical narration.

A real article in a Dutch gazette respecting a French academy for politics, has given occasion, in the 305th number of the *Spectator*, to a very humorous and sarcastic account of the professors of this institution, "according to his private letters," which is a master-piece of political satire. The purpose of this paper is more serious than that of any of those above mentioned, but the manner is equally playful.

Now, of these effusions of humour, to which several might be added, it cannot justly be said, that they please by their adherence to truth, or even to probability: on the contrary, they derive their merit from a kind of agreeable extravagance, always perceptible enough to the reader, but made to wear an appearance of reality, by the natural cast of the language, and the mixture of incidents taken from common life. Many others of his papers afford fancy-pieces of the caricature and grotesque kind. Such are, the Virtuoso's Will, and most of the proceedings of the Court of Honour, in the *Tatler*; the Citizen's and the Fine Lady's Journal, the Everlasting and the Widow's Club, the Opera Lions, and the Lady's Library, all in the *Spectator*; and the Rebel Officer's Journal, and the Pretender's Annals, in the *Freeholder*. In others he has sported in scenes of pure invention; as in his transmigrations of a monkey, his dissection of a beau's head and a coquet's heart, his mountain of hu-

man miseries, and his delightful antediluvian tale of Shalum and Hilpa.

Thus it would appear that Addison rejected no promising source of the ludicrous, whether suggested by reading, observation, or pure imagination. It may, however, be admitted, that his humour is most effectual for that purpose of correcting the follies and foibles of mankind, which he seems to have had much at heart, when it most nearly coincides with the description which Dr. Johnson has given as its universal character; for, the more a likeness to reality is recognized in a picture, the more sensible we are rendered of the defects and irregularities of the prototype. This natural mode of painting is particularly conspicuous in his Political Upholsterer, his Sir Roger de Coverly, and his Country Squire in the Freeholder. In his delineation of these personages, he has almost entirely avoided caricature, and has produced his effect by so many nice touches of reality, that we seem as thoroughly acquainted with them as if they were within our daily observation. His object with regard to the Upholsterer and the Country Squire was manifestly political satire; and that the same purpose was fundamental in Sir Roger, though combined with much pleasing morality, will, I think, be evident on an attentive examination of the portraiture. It is, however, to be premised, that the Sir Roger of Addison, and not of Steele, is the character here intended; for these, in fact, are two very different persons, as a few observations will sufficiently prove.

In the account of the members of the Spectator's Club, written apparently by Steele (*Spect.* No. 2), Sir Roger is described as a man of singularities, but such as originate from a peculiar vein of good sense; and though fond of retirement, and careless of his appearance, since he was crossed in love, it is said, that in his youth he had been a fine gentleman, who supped with Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, had fought a duel, and kick-

ed a bully in a coffee-house. But this supposed town education is utterly inconsistent with the ignorance of the common forms of life, the rusticity and credulity attributed to him in the subsequent displays of his character. Steele himself has fallen into some of these deviations from his original draught; but Addison seems to have entirely disregarded it; and to have drawn from a conception of his own, to which he has faithfully adhered. His Sir Roger, though with some of the marks of individuality which constitute what is called a humourist, is essentially a benevolent, cheerful, hearty country gentleman, of slender abilities and confined education, warmly attached to church and king, and imbued with all the political opinions of the country or tory party. Though rendered an object of affection from the goodness of his heart and the hilarity of his temper, he exhibits weaknesses and prejudices which scarcely have place for esteem; nor do we meet with any of that whimsical complication of sense and folly which Steele's papers attempt to display, and which he accounts for on the supposition of a mental infirmity left by his amorous disappointment. He was, therefore, a very suitable vehicle for that half-concealed and good-humoured satire of his party which was certainly in Addison's view, and which cannot be mistaken by one who attends to the following particulars among the highly amusing traits by which the good knight is characterized.

His behaviour at church may pass as the oddity of an humourist, though it also plainly denotes the rustication of a life passed among dependant peasants; but his half-belief of witchcraft in the case of Moll White, is undoubtedly meant as a stroke of satire upon rural ignorance and superstition. Sir Roger gravely admonishes the old woman to have no communication with the devil, and not to hurt her neighbour's cattle; and it is remarked, that "he would frequently have bound

her over to the county-sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary." At the assizes he gets up and makes a speech: but "so little to the purpose," says the Spectator, "that he will not trouble his readers with an account of it." In the adventure with the gipsies, the knight suffers them to tell him his fortune, and appears half inclined to put faith in their predictions. His notion that the Act of Uniformity had already begun to take effect, because a rigid dissenter who had dined at his house on Christmas-day had been observed to eat heartily of plumporridge, is a palpable raillery upon the narrow conceptions of the high party. The description of Sir Roger's behaviour at the representation of the "Distressed Mother" is admirably humorous; but the figure the knight makes in it is not at all more respectable than that of Partridge, in *Tom Jones*, on a similar occasion. He there, too, shows his party, by remarking that the last play he saw was the "Committee;" and that he should not have gone to that, had he not been told before-hand that it was a good church of England comedy. But it is in the visit to the tombs in Westminster-abbey that Addison has most indulged himself in ridiculing the good man's simplicity. Sir Roger, it seems, was prepared for this spectacle by a course of study of Baker's *Chronicle* in the summer, for the purpose of enabling him to maintain his ground in political debate with Sir Andrew Freeport. He accordingly deals out his historical knowledge very liberally as he passes among the heroes of this profound writer. The show-man, however, informs him of many circumstances not recorded by Baker; and this profusion of anecdote makes him appear so extraordinary a person to Sir Roger, that he not only shakes him by the hand at parting, but invites him to his lodgings in Norfolk-street in order "to talk over these matters with him more at leisure." This trait is pleasantly ludicrous, but

somewhat *outré*, as applied to a person at all removed from the lowest vulgar.

If the picture of Sir Roger be compared with that of the Country Gentleman, in the *Freeholder*, it will be found that they differ chiefly in the milder temper and more humanized character of the knight, and scarcely at all in point of information and understanding. Both have the same national and party prejudices, and they exhibit an equal inferiority to the more cultured inhabitant of the town. As the *Freeholder* was an avowed political paper. Addison did not hesitate to appear openly in it as the satirist of the country party; but it required all his skill to effect a similar purpose in the *Spectator*, without appearing to violate the impartiality professed in that work, or offending some of his readers. He has been so happy in his attempt, by allying benignity with weakness, and amusing incident with strokes of sarcasm, that his papers in which Sir Roger appears, have always been among the most popular of the collection, and have, doubtless, greatly contributed towards stamping upon the public mind that abstract idea of a country gentleman, which has been the ground of the contempt (whether well or ill founded) usually attached to the character. Fielding, in his *Squire Western*, has pursued the same satirical intention; but in a manner which, compared with that of Addison, exhibits all the difference between broad and delicate humour. In Fielding's portraiture, the features are so coarse and unamiable, that when we do not laugh, we are disgusted. Provincial dialect, gross and indelicate phraseology, vulgar habits, and headstrong passions, are the colours which he employs; and the result is the picture of a savage, rather than a member of the civilized society. On the other hand, Addison, by nice touches of rusticity, prejudice, and the ignorance belonging to sequestered life, has drawn, with equal dis-

tinctness, two figures in the same class of society, and with the same ultimate purpose, one of whom he has made highly amiable, and the other, at least, not unpleasing. Both those writers

were masters in their several styles; but while Fielding has had many predecessors and followers in his manner, where shall we find a parallel to that of Addison!

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

M. DE MALESHERBES' ROSES.

The following interesting and authentic anecdotes, are related by Mons. I. N. Bouilly, in his work entitled *Contes à ma Fille*.

AMONG the various gifts of heaven, the pleasure of being beloved, contributes most to the happiness of life, and is at once the most pure and the most durable.

Mr. Lamoignon de Malesherbes, whose name recalls the upright statesman, the modest scholar, the great naturalist, and the best of men, passed every year part of the summer in his beautiful seat of Verneuil, near Versailles, where he enjoyed some interval of repose from the important functions with which he was entrusted. To none of the occupations in which this celebrated man was engaged, was he so much attached as to that of cultivating his flowers. He took particular delight in attending to a shrubbery of roses of his own planting, which stood in a semicircular space in a coppice near the village of Verneuil.

None of his plants disappointed his expectation. Rose-trees of different kinds, forming on that rural and solitary spot, a striking contrast with the wild trees by which they were surrounded, attracted every eye, and produced a sensation as agreeable as unexpected.

Notwithstanding his peculiar modesty, the fortunate cultivator of this charming grove, could not help being proud of his success. He mentioned it to all his visitors, and conducted them to what he called his *Solitude*, where, with his own hands, he

had arranged a comfortable seat of green turf, and constructed with mounds of earth and branches of trees, a grotto, whither he sometimes fled from the rain, and where at other times, he sheltered his grey head from the burning rays of the sun. It was here that with Plutarch, his favorite author, in his hand, he calmly meditated on human vicissitudes, and recapitulated with delight, the memorable deeds with which he had adorned his career.

"But pray," would he say to those whom he conducted to this Solitude, "look at these rose-trees; how fresh and bushy they all are! Those of the most sumptuous and best cultivated gardens have neither better nor more abundant flowers. But what I am most surprised at," added he, with enthusiasm, "is that, though I have cultivated these roses for many years, I never lost a single one. Never was the most able gardener more fortunate: hence, they call me in the village *Lamoignon des Roses*, to distinguish me from others of my family who have the same name."

One day when this learned naturalist had got up sooner than usual, he walked to his favourite grove long before the rising of the sun: it was in the latter end of June, about the summer solstice, in the longest days of the year. The morning was delightful, a slight breeze and an abundant dew, refreshed the soil, which had been dried by the heat of the preceding day. The varied songs of a thousand birds, formed a harmonious concert, the echoes of

which resounded in the mountains. Enamelled meadows, aromatic plants, and blossoms of the vine, filled the atmosphere with a delicious fragrance: in short, the reign of spring was on the decline, and that of summer beginning.

Mr. de Malesherbes, sitting down near his grotto, contemplated with awe the sweet stillness of morn, and the enchanting revival of nature; but suddenly he heard a slight noise. He first thought it was a hare, or a timid fawn running across the wood. He looked up, cast his eyes around, and perceived through the branches, a young girl, who, coming from Verneuil with a milk-pail on her head, stopped at a fountain, filled her bowl with water, walked up to the grove, watered it, returned several times to the fountain, and by that means, left at the root of each rose-tree a sufficient quantity of water to revive it.

The minister, who during this time remained quiet in a corner of his grotto, that he might not interrupt the young milk-maid, followed her eagerly with his eyes, not knowing to what cause he should ascribe the zealous attention which she paid to his rose-trees. The figure of the young girl was interesting; her eyes were the mirror of candour and cheerfulness, her complexion seemed to beam with the brilliancy of the dawn of day. Emotion and curiosity, however, drew the naturalist involuntarily towards the young stranger, when she was pouring out her last bowl on a white rose-tree. At the sight of Mr. de Malesherbes, she trembled, and uttered a cry of amazement. The minister went up to her, and asked who had ordered her to water the grove. "Oh, my lord!" says the young girl, all in a tremble, "my intentions were good, I assure you; I am not the only girl in the neighbourhood—today it was my turn." "How, your turn?" "Yes, my lord, yesterday it was Betsy's, and tomorrow it will be Mary's." "What do you mean, my good girl? I do not understand you." "As you

have caught me in the fact, I can no longer keep it secret, neither do I think you will be very angry. You must know, my lord, that having seen you from our fields, planting and attending these fine rose-trees, it was agreed among us girls of the neighbouring hamlets, to prove to the man who scatters so many blessings amongst us, and does so much honour to agriculture, that he is not surrounded by ungrateful beings. Since he finds, we said, so much pleasure in cultivating his flowers, we will assist him privately; so all girls of fifteen, on coming back from Verneuil with their empty milk-pails, take it by turns to fetch water from the fountain close by, and water every morning before the sun rises, the rose-trees of our friend—of the father of us all. For these last four years, my lord, we have not neglected this duty, and I can even tell you, that every girl is anxious to reach her fifteenth year, to have the honour of watering Mr. de Malesherbes' roses."

This ingenuous and affecting narrative made a lively impression on the Minister. He never had received a greater gratification from the celebrity of his name. "I am no longer surprised," said he, with rapture, "at my rose-trees being so beautiful, and loaded with so many flowers. But since all the young girls of the neighbouring hamlets, are so good as to give me every morning so convincing a proof of their regard, I engage on my part, never to let a day pass without visiting my Solitude, which is now dearer to me than ever."—"So much the better, sir," answered the young girl, "then we shall drive our flocks this way, that we may have the happiness of seeing you at our ease, of regaling you with our songs, and of chatting now and then with you, whenever your lordship permits."

"Yes, my child," replied Mr. de Malesherbes, "I shall be glad to see you all. If any misfortune befalls you, I shall endeavour to alleviate it; if any differences arise between you, I

shall, perhaps, be able to remove them; and if any engagements of the heart should happen to be obstructed by any disproportion in your fortunes, I shall know how to conciliate matters."—"In that case," said the young milkmaid, with vivacity, "your lordship will not want employment, and I myself, may in a little time, have a word to say on that subject. But I forget that my mother is waiting; I'll run to give her the money for her milk, and tell her of the lucky adventure I have had." "Stay a moment," said the minister, detaining her; "what is your name?" "Susan Bertrand, my lord." "Well, Susan," answered he, taking her by the hand, "give your companions, who, like you, take care of my rose-trees, what I am going to give you for them." "Oh! my lord, we want nothing: the receiving of your gold can never be equal to the pleasure we feel." "You are very right—no, all my fortune is not worth the delight you afford me at this moment, but until I shall be able to return my thanks to your young friends, give them this kiss: tell them that their kindness enlivens the end of my career, and will never be erased from my memory." With these words, the reverend old man, imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the young milkmaid, who went away proud and happy of the honour she had received.

Mr. de Malesherbes delighted in telling this adventure to his friends: he rigidly performed the promise he had given to the young girl, and never let a day pass without visiting his rose-trees. Often, while a numerous and brilliant company were assembled in the mansion, this respectable minister, the counsellor, and the friend of his unfortunate king, sitting near his solitary grotto, shared the amusements of the shepherds of the neighbourhood, studied their propensities, their wants, and their habits, and returned home late in the evening, attended by some, and blessed by all.

On a following day, Mr. de Males-

herbes heard that the youth of Verneuil and its vicinity were to dance that evening on the green before his celebrated grotto: "I may now say farewell to my roses," exclaimed the good-natured sage; "the lads will wish to decorate their partners, and the girls will cull the finest roses to adorn themselves. But they will be happy, they will perhaps speak of me; I shall see them enjoying themselves, and witness their mirth. Well! well! if I have fewer roses, I shall have a greater share of pleasure, and one is at least as good as the other."

However, as he was afraid lest his presence might intimidate the merry party, and prevent their giving themselves up to the joy which they expected from the dance, he refrained from directing his evening walk the usual way. But early the next day he was impatient to inspect the mischief which the dancing of the night before must have done in his grove, to repair the damage. What was his astonishment when he found every thing in the best condition! The spot where they danced had been raked over; the green seat had kept all its freshness; not a single rose had been taken, and over the entrance of the grotto was affixed in yellow flowers, the inscription—*To our Friend*, "What!" said he, "a company as numerous as merry, enjoying a rural dance; a party of young uneducated people, whose joy generally banishes all reserve, have yet respected my roses. How sweet is it to be thus beloved! I would not exchange my grotto for the finest palace in the world!"

On a subsequent day he was hesitating between the wish of assisting at the dance of the villages, and the fear of constraining them by his presence, when his valet informed him that a young girl bathed in tears wished to speak to him. He ordered her to be ushered in, and when she made her appearance, he asked her the cause of her sorrow. "Ah, my lord, I am undone, if you don't take pity upon me!" "What is the matter?"

Speak, my girl, be comforted." "I must first tell you that it was my turn this morning to water your roses well. And, my lord, as it is my god-mother's birth-day, the wife of one of your farmers, with whom I have been ever since I became an orphan, and as I supposed nobody would see me, I gathered one of your roses in defiance of the vow we have made among us never to touch them." "A rose!" answered the minister, smiling, "that is not a theft of consequence." "It is, however, enough," replied the young girl, sobbing, "to disgrace me in the village." "How so?" "Nicholas Thorn, the spy of the village, saw me take the rose which tempted me so much: he told the young men of it, and when I came to the dance, hoping to enjoy it as heartily as usual, I could not get a partner: they all said with one voice that for a whole twelve-month I should not be admitted into the grove. My godmother in vain pleaded for me; they all condemned me, even William—yes, William himself! You see, my lord, that I must continue a whole year without dancing: William will no longer have me, and I shall remain in disgrace all the days of my life." "To be doomed to die in disgrace for taking a rose would be too cruel a punishment for so slight a fault," replied the minister, concealing his emotion: "be comforted, my child! I, myself, will implore your pardon. Come, give me your arm; I always consider it my duty to defend the accused."

They went together to the scene of the rural ball. The eloquent naturalist pleaded the cause of the young offender with all the enthusiasm which an occurrence so interesting

to his heart, inspired: it was with great difficulty that he obtained her pardon. And that there might be no vestige remaining of the disgrace which the young girl had incurred, he presented her to William, induced him to dance with her, and promised to give her a portion on the day of her marriage. Susan Bertrand the pretty milk-maid, who had been the first that acquainted the minister with the tender veneration in which he was held, got a similar portion, which she hastened to share with one of the best young women of the village. The two happy pairs were united at the church on the same day: their nuptials were celebrated. Mr. de Malesherbes insisted upon both brides being adorned with roses from his grove, and made it a rule that from that day every girl who was married when the roses were in bloom, should be entitled to the same distinction. "It shall be," said he to the young girls around him, "the memorial of your attention and my gratitude. When I am gone, my roses will remind you of your friend; you will fancy that I am still in the grove, and through your kind remembrance I shall assist at the happiest day of your life."

This custom, or rather, this interesting commemoration, is still preserved in the village of Verneuil. No couple is married without fetching a nosegay from the grove, and the inscription over the grotto is renewed every year. Ever since the cruel and untimely death* of the benevolent minister, the country people pay particular care to the grove of his planting, and vie in showing the most respectful regard to *M. de Malesherbes' Roses*.

* Quoi! Malesherbes, c'est toi qu'on entraîne au supplice!

Ta Fille y marche aussi; son Epoux, ces Enfants

Sont frappés à la fois, l'un sur l'autre expirans!

TROIS GÉNÉRATIONS s'éteignent comme une nombre!

The memoirs of this great and good man and those of his family (all of whom suffered with him at the guillotine), were given in our first Volume, p. 747 *et seq.* in elucidating the story of the persons included in the singular prophecy of M. de Chazotte found at the death of M. de la Harpe among his papers. We refer our readers to them.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN.

I HAVE read with much satisfaction, in your last Number, 'the celebrated trial of William Penn and William Mead,' and believe there are many of your readers who will agree with me, that at no time, from the era of the glorious Revolution to the present awful crisis, a republication of it was more necessary. I am not alone in the opinion, that the violent and arbitrary conduct of the magistrates, who, at that juncture, sat on the bench, fully confirmed the well known dictum of a celebrated author, that "summum jus est summa injuria."

After having made these few cursory remarks, it seems proper to add, that the gentleman who sent that article to your Magazine, has, through inadvertency or misinformation, been guilty of a mistake respecting the great William Penn. He was committed a prisoner to the Tower, not for writing *No Cross No Crown*, but for a publication entitled, "*The Sandy Foundation Shaken*," in which the commonly received doctrines of the Trinity were explained in a different manner from the creed of St. Athanasius and his adherents, though he explicitly owns the doctrine of the divinity of Christ.*

"With his prison hours he enriched the world;" for the well-known treatise, "*No Cross No Crown*," was written during his confinement; a work which the learned and pious Dr. Henry Moore, in a letter to the author, says, he looks upon "as a serious book, and very pious in the main," though he differs from the author with regard to titles and ceremonies. He also acknowledges that "a soul well awakened unto a sense of the best things, can scarcely want any external director or monitor; but the quaker's principle is the most safe and seasonable to keep close to a light within a man."†

It must give pleasure to a large circle of your readers, to be informed that a *Life of the great William Penn*, is preparing for the press, by a person well qualified to do the subject justice; and as he will doubtless have recourse to a great number of letters and manuscript papers in different hands, and other original documents, much entertainment, as well as instruction, may be expected from the publication; and perhaps some of your readers, who enjoy the friendship of the gentleman in question, may give us information whether the intended *Life* is in forwardness.

March 5, 1811.

BENEVOLUS.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

STORY OF MELISSA.

THERE is something so soothing to the vanity of mankind in the respect and adulation which riches command, that those accidents which deprive us of them, are of all misfortunes, the most keenly felt, and the most sincerely sympathised. Our grief for the loss of a friend is soon

dispelled by the variety of other enjoyments which we possess, but of that of our fortune every occurrence reminds us. The gifts of fortune may indeed be despised by the philosopher, who has never enjoyed them; but he only can appreciate their value, who has been deprived of them. Men who

* Penn's Letter to Dr. Arlington, in his *Life*. Select Works, page 5.

† *Life of Dr. Henry More*. By R. Ward, A. M. page 247, page 340, London 1710.

have been accustomed through life to the luxury of a palace, will no more be reconciled to the poverty of a cottage by philosophic declamation of the vanity of riches, than experience relief from a fit of the gout, by affecting the insensibility of a stoic. Religion alone, the balm which heals all our wounds, can render the change supportable. To him who has lost his portion in this world, the hope of reward beyond the grave is the only consolation.

I was led to these reflections by a visit which I received a few days ago from a lady who for many years has acted a conspicuous part on the theatre of fashion. Melissa is the daughter of a clergyman in the west of England, who, dying young, left her, when she was scarcely one-and-twenty, in possession of a fortune, which by proper management would have supplied all the necessities of life, and have afforded some of its superfluities. Fraught with notions of the felicity of a London life, Melissa quitted Devonshire as soon as she had arranged her affairs, and took a splendid house in Gloucester place. A stranger to the customs of the world, and totally ignorant of the value of money, the system of expense which she adopted would quickly have reduced her to beggary, had not her beauty and good-nature attracted the notice of a young gentleman of large fortune, and induced him to marry her.

Melissa was now in possession of every blessing which her heart could wish. She whirled in the vortex of dissipation, and was the object of general admiration at routs, theatres, and concerts. For some time her felicity was unclouded; but as perfect happiness is not proper for man in his present state, Melissa experienced a reverse of fortune by discovering the infidelity of her husband, for whom, with all her dissipation, she entertained a very serious affection.

Florio, who had no other object in marrying, than the possession of the person of his wife, no sooner found

himself uncontrolled master of that, than he began to find the beauty of other women equally attractive. As Melissa brought him no fortune, he thought himself at liberty to place his affections where he chose; and, as he was determined not to be very scrupulous in observing the conduct of his wife, he saw no reason why he should put any restraint upon his own.

For some time his gallantries were undiscovered. His conduct was however so notorious that it could not long escape the observation of Melissa, who glittered in his own circle. Dark surmises first made her uneasy, malicious insinuations roused her jealousy, the coldness of her husband strengthened her fears, and an assignation at a masquerade, to which she was an eye-witness, removed every doubt of his inconstancy.

This was a dreadful affliction to Melissa. It affected her very deeply; but, far from recriminating on her husband, she resolved to endeavour, by the most rigid attention to her own behaviour, to regain his affections. But alas! there is so slight a difference between guilt and dissipation, that unless the latter is quitted (a sacrifice which Melissa was unable to make) the imputation of the former can seldom be avoided.

Melissa's only consolation in her hours of solitude (for hours of solitude and reflection *will* intrude on the busiest and most dissipated) was a very fine boy whom she bore her husband within a twelve-month of their marriage, and who was now about four years old. Her affection for this child was so unbounded, and her indulgence so ill-judged, that little master soon found himself the more powerful of the two. Florio was also very fond of his son, and spared no expense of his education. Unfortunately both parents were too fond of the darling to expose him to the rude buffets of a public school; but as Florio was determined to give his son the education to which his birth entitled him, he placed him under the care of a private tutor,

a man who had no other object, or indeed ability, than to flatter the boy's vanity, and to court the father's favour.

It commonly, I think, happens, when two people fix their affections very strongly on one object, that they gradually feel an affection for each other. This at least was the case of Florio and Melissa. It was some time indeed before the former could reconcile it to his conscience, as a man of honour, to ask pardon of his wife; nor did the latter, who had long been disgusted by her husband's irregularities, very cordially meet his overtures. Time, however, and mutual sympathy, effected their reconciliation.

Such was the situation of this pair when I was introduced to them. Their affection appeared to be very sincere, but as the fashionable circle in which they moved rendered my acquaintance neither honourable nor advantageous, they quickly dropped it, and from that time, which is nearly twelve years ago, I never heard from them.

About a fortnight ago I was surprised by a visit from Melissa in deep mourning, and in extreme distress. Her looks were so changed, that, had she not discovered herself, I should not have recognized the toast who had set so many hearts on fire.

"I am come," said she, (as soon as her tears would allow her to speak,) "I am come to you for advice. I have, I confess, no claim to your friendship; but I am sure you will have the generosity to forget my past ill-treatment in my present affliction. O sir, you remember me glittering in all the insolence of fashion, the victim of dissipation, the gayest of the gay! You see me bereft of all my honours, poor, sick, and friendless! And yet I would not exchange my present situation for all the splendour of my former life. Then I was vain, insolent, and guilty. There is nothing that can bring a votary of fashion to repentance and reflection, but some sudden stroke of adversity, sent by heaven to reclaim them.

"Soon after we lost sight of you, my husband, whose constitution was much injured by a long course of intemperance, died in a consumption. We never had a settlement, but he left me by his will 2000*l.* a-year, with nearly 10,000*l.* in ready money. The remainder of his fortune he gave to his son. The latter, who was then at college, no sooner found that his father was dead, than he quitted the university and came to London; and, though under age, contrived to persuade the trustees, in whose hands his fortune was lodged, to advance him a very large sum. With this, regardless of my affliction, and without the least respect for the memory of his father, he set off to Italy, and remained there till he had spent the whole of the money he had received, and nearly as much more, which he borrowed on the strength of his expectations. About sixteen months ago, Altamont came of age, and took possession of his fortune, which was altogether little less than 5000*l.* a-year. My annuity was secured in the funds. He offered, if I would relinquish it, to secure an equivalent sum on his landed estates. To this proposal, as I had no doubt of his integrity, whatever anxiety his extravagance had given me, I immediately assented. I began to be a little uneasy at finding he was more ready to receive my money, than to perform his own part of the agreement; but when I pressed him to remove my anxiety, he told me that he was going to Yorkshire to arrange his affairs, and that on his return he would immediately settle my annuity. This scheme was rendered so plausible by the greater part of his estate being in Yorkshire, that I was induced to acquiesce in it. He set off on his journey; but, to my infinite astonishment and terror, I heard in about three weeks, that he was gone to Bath, where he had been so pressed for a debt of honour to an immense amount, that he was obliged to mortgage nearly one half of his fortune. I instantly wrote to him, and

entreated him in the most affectionate terms to consider to what a state of ruin his continuing in such a course of extravagance would reduce both himself and me ; but to no purpose. He was deaf to my admonitions. Month after month did I in vain endeavour to find him out, tortured with all the agonies of expectation, and enduring the extreme of penury. My endeavours were ineffectual. About three weeks ago, I learnt, that, after squandering the whole of his estate, he had shot himself at a gaming-house at the west end of the town."

Here Melissa's grief interrupted her narrative. I endeavoured to sooth it as well as I could, and persuaded her, till she had arranged her affairs, to consider my house as her own. She accepted my proposal with tears of gratitude, and continued under the care of my family, while I exerted myself in collecting the remains of her shattered fortune, so as to secure her declining years from poverty and distress.

My first inquiries were directed to the hotel where her son lodged, at which I learnt, that the evening before the fatal night, he had delivered a packet to one of the waiters, addressed to his mother, but without a direction. This packet I conveyed to

Melissa, who, on opening it, found the following billet :

"To your ill-judged affection I owe my ruin. But this night determines my fate. If I am unfortunate, my distress, and my existence, terminate together. I leave every thing to you. ALTAMONT."

To describe the feelings of Melissa on reading these lines is beyond the power of language. For some time they deprived her of reason. By degrees, however, her tranquillity returned ; and I am certain, that, when the greatness of her grief had subsided, she enjoyed a peace of mind far more exquisite than any pleasures which she had hitherto experienced. It was a sensation springing from a thorough conviction of the insufficiency of the world to afford lasting peace, and from a dependence on the mercies of heaven, and the comforts of religion.

Such was Melissa, and such she is now. I offer no comments on her life ; but if you think the narrative affords a moral worthy of a place in your miscellany, I sincerely hope, that those whose situations it may suit may be led to reflect on their conduct before it is too late.

GEORGE FAUKLAND.

Homerton,
Nov. 30, 1810.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

ON AVARICE.

BY HATEM TAI.

HATEM TAI was an Arabian Chief, who lived a short time prior to the promulgation of Mahometanism. He has been so much celebrated through the East for his generosity, that even to this day, the greatest encomium which can be given to a generous man, is to say that he is as liberal as Hatem.

Hatem was also a poet ; but his talents were principally exerted in recommending his favourite virtue.

"His poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from the heart."

The instances of Hatem's generosity as related by Oriental historians, are innumerable ; we select one or two, as they afford a lively picture of Arabian manners.

The emperor of Constantinople, having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose, he despatched a per-

son from his court, to request a particular horse, which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the Emperor: Hatem seemed concerned—"If," said he, "you had yesterday apprized me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the Emperor's request, but the horse he asks is now no more; being surprised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper.*" Hatem immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassadour to present them to his master. The prince could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity, and owned that he truly merited the title of the most liberal among men.

It was the fate of Hatem to give umbrage to other monarchs. Numan, King of Yeman, conceived a violent jealousy against him on account of his reputation, and thinking it easier to destroy than surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Discovering their tents at a distance, he reflected he had never seen Hatem, and was contriving means how to gain a knowledge of his person, without exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, deep in meditation, he was accosted by a man of an amiable figure, who invited him to his tent: he accepted the invitation, and was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast, he offered to take leave, but the Arab

requested him to prolong his visit. "Generous stranger," answered the officer, "I am confounded by your civilities, but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart." "Might it be possible for you," replied the Arab, "to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place—If I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me."

The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly imparted to him the commission he had received from Numan: "But how," continued he, "shall I, who have never seen this Hatem, execute my orders? Bring me to the knowledge of him, and add this to your other favours." "I have promised you my service," answered the Arab. "Behold, I am a slave to my word." "Strike," said he, "uncovering his bosom, "spill the blood of Hatem, and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hope for. But the moments are precious—defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible expedition: the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends; if tomorrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone."

These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime and the magnanimity of Hatem, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming, "God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand upon you! Nothing shall urge me to such a baseness." At these words he quitted the tent, and took the road again to Yeman.

The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favourite, demanding the head of Hatem, the officer gave him a faithful relation of what had passed. Numan in astonishment cried out, "It is with justice, O Hatem, that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men instigated by a sentiment

* The Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food.

of generosity, may bestow their whole fortune, but to sacrifice life is an action above humanity."

After the decease of Hatem, the Arabs over whom he presided, refused to embrace Islamism; for this disobedience, Mahomet condemned them all to death, except the daughter of Hatem, whom he spared on account of her father's memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the Prophet's feet, and conjured him either to take away her life, or pardon her countrymen. Mahomet, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced, and, for the sake of Hatem's daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.

SONNET BY HATEM TAI.

Translated by the late Dr. Carlisle.

How frail are riches and their joys!
Morn builds the heap which eve destroys:
Yet can they leave one sure delight—
The thought that we've employ'd them
right.

What bliss can wealth afford to me
When life's last solemn hour I see,
When MAVIA's sympathising sighs
Will but augment my agonies?

Can hoarded gold dispel the gloom
That death must shed around the tomb!
Or cheer the ghost which hovers there,
And fills with shrieks the desert air?

What boots it MAVIA, in the grave,
Whether I lov'd to waste or save?
The hand that millions now can grasp,
In death no more than mine shall clasp.

Were I ambitious to behold,
Increasing stores of treasur'd gold,
Each tribe that roves the desert knows
I might be wealthy if I chose;

But other joys can gold impart,
Far other wishes warm my heart—
Ne'er shall I strive to swell the heap,
Till Want and Wo have ceased to weep.

With brow unalter'd I can see
The hour of wealth or poverty;
I've drunk from both the cups of fate,
Nor this could sink, nor that elate.

With fortune blest, I ne'er was found
To look with scorn on those around;
Nor for the loss of paltry ore,
Shall HATEM seem to HATEM poor.

FROM BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. West's Picture of Christ healing the Sick in the Temple.

THIS noble composition which has excited such general attention, is now placed in the Gallery of the British Institution in Pall Mall, and will be opened for public view in the ensuing week.

The subject is *Christ healing in the Temple*. To represent with suitable dignity and propriety a subject of this kind; to depict the vast variety of character collected together in this stupendous and miraculous scene; to exhibit the human figure in those various modes of misery and suffering, which flesh is born an heir to; in a word, to combine in one composition the dispersed miracles of our Lord—

in healing the lame, giving eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, seemed to require nothing less than the experience of half a century in the Art of Painting, a deep insight into the human character, and a perspicuity, and precision of mind, which belong to no other professor of the art but Mr. West.

In the composition now before us, Mr. West has brought together, and seemingly rallied for one great effort, all the energies of his genius, and the acquirements of his mind, as they have been exercised, both in labour and observation, near fifty years of his life. He has amply succeeded, and

produced a Picture which will do honour to his country, and raise the Arts to their highest point of elevation.

The scene of this picture is laid in a colonade of the temple—Christ is raised above the crowd upon a small eminence. He is accompanied by his Apostles, and behind him are groups of the Scribes and Pharisees, watching, even in his miracles, for matter to accuse him.

There are three principal groups of sufferers; behind are various characters—women passing through the Temple with baskets of doves, for merchandize; and much of the magnificence of the sacred edifice is shown in the perspective.

The centre group is that of a man wrapt up in the appendages of disease, pallid, and wasted by distemper. He is supported by two slaves, and, with a countenance in which hope is finely expressed shining through sickness, he is presented to our Lord.

The feebleness of his figure—his *incurableness* (if we may so express it) otherwise than by a miracle, is finely depicted. The slave, who principally supports his master, is a character admirably conceived, and the manner in which it has been treated is perfectly new, and reflects high credit upon Mr. West's knowledge of human nature. This slave appears wholly unmoved by the scene of suffering around him, without sentiment or passion: and seemingly incapable of being affected even by the awful presence of the Deity. He is lost in the degraded state of a slave, and almost every virtue and feeling of the human creature are extinguished and subdued by the habits and sense of his condition.

So true is the observation of the poet, that the day of slavery robs a man of all his worth. The figure of the young woman is born blind, the mother with her sick and dying infant, an old man in helpless imbecility, are rendered with the most exquisite pathos and refined delicacy.

In the right group is a woman afflicted with a palsy, which has distorted her frame, and is even *then* agitating her limbs. She is supported by two vigorous and muscular soldiers, who afford a fine contrast with her emaciated figure. Her son, with outstretched arms, is advanced before her, and seems to implore the most speedy attention of the Saviour to his parent's sufferings. There are numerous other figures and appearances of sickness which we do not think it necessary to particularize.

The character of our Lord is divinely executed. He is shown without affectation, perfectly simple and dignified.—Whilst all eyes are directed to him, his impartial benevolence distinguishes none in particular. The divine placidity of his countenance, in which all peace and charity reigns, forms a beautiful contrast with the malevolence of the Jews behind him, and the agonized sufferings of the groups of sick and distressed round about him.

The character of the Disciples is likewise very impressive. Their minds seem steadfast, and made up in their fasts. They have no anxiety as to the event of the miracles. They are perfectly assured of the divinity of their master's powers.

Mr. West has showed very great skill in the grouping of the various figures, which, we should think, are nearly one hundred in number. The colouring is suitable to the dignity and awfulness of the subject—not glaring and obtrusive, but grave, majestic, and sombre.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of this noble and affecting picture by any written criticism. It is our opinion that, for justness and precision of character, it is a work which has never been excelled. It is an effort of art, which must defy any future attempt upon the same subject. We feel ourselves sensibly proud as Englishmen that so admirable a work has been executed in this country.

This admirable production, which

the best judges have pronounced not inferior to any work of Raphael or Michael Angelo, has been purchased by the Governors and Subscribers of the British Institution, at the price of three thousand guineas, a price equally

honourable to their munificence and taste. It is intended to place it in a National Gallery, to be erected by government, for the exhibition and preservation of the works of British Painters.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE MISERIES OF A REVOLUTION.

MEN may begin to talk of the improvement of the age, when the violent and unseemly passions may, by new and wise considerations of human life, and its incidents, be dismissed from their minds as noxious, and injurious to *private and public happiness*. It is then that Philosophy may plead its own reasonings, because they will have the power, in some degree, to change this disorder of things so as to approach nearer to the desired millennium; nor is this impracticable; Rousseau says, *that there are countries in which physical and moral are almost extinct*. From the following story let us take a lesson to seek no other revolution.

At Joux in Franche-comte, lived a young student named Augi. As he was of a promising disposition, his parents had placed him under the care of the school-master of Joux; an intelligent and well informed man. The school of Joux was at that time the resemblance of the innocence of the golden age; the girls mingled with the boys, without any distinction of either sex or rank; the children of the poor were the companions of those belonging to the rich.

Among these young people were the two daughters of Monsieur Garnier the Bailli, with two sisters named Julie and Therese Barbier, and a young heiress whose name was Felicite Mouchou. Augi was handsome and his figure was noble and engaging. In the course of a few weeks his shining abilities made him

distinguished, and he was esteemed by the whole school; but he was more particularly the object of the attentions of the five young females before mentioned; the Misses Garnier were the most reserved, but not the less warm in their regard for him.

Julie Barbier, who was sixteen years of age, only esteemed him as the favorite companion of a lover who was dear to her, and who had left the school about a year, where he had been a boarder. As for Therese, she would have been very happy if Augi had shown her any preference. Felicite, with a turned up nose and a lively temper, was a little marked with the small pox, but nevertheless was a very engaging girl.

It happened one day that the beautiful Julie and Augi, were alone together in the school-room.

Friend, said she to him, you are an amiable youth, and I wish to give you a bit of advice. Dear Mademoiselle, replied Augi, you will do me a great favour.

My companions are all pleased with you. Are you rich?

No indeed, Mademoiselle, was the answer.

As that is the case, this is my advice; attach yourself more particularly to Felicite Mouchou; gain her affection: her parents, who doat on her as an only child, will leave her mistress of her choice. The Misses Garnier are too proud, and not rich enough to marry whom they please; my sister is but a child, and I have

already disposed of my heart. Felicité is the only one to make you happy, and to be happy with you. Remember and follow my counsel.

Augi, brought up rationally by parents of understanding, was pleased with the advice of the amiable Julie; he felt its force; and from that day was more particular in his attentions to Felicité. She was delighted, and gave him privately every encouragement. In going one morning to school very early, they contrived to meet, and have a long conversation, when they acknowledged their affection for each other. The young man appeared more amiable every day. Fame soon flies through a town; and she soon brought to the ears of Monsieur and Madame Mouchou, the news of the mutual attachment of the young people; they questioned their daughter, and she answered ingenuously.

Monsieur Mouchou wished to see young Augi, and he was therefore invited to dinner. The modest young man by his presence decided the truth of the report they had heard. The parents of Felicité liked him so well, that after a few visits they proposed the match to his father.

The young man was taken into the house of his future father-in-law, who studied his character, and gave him the management of his land. Augi was really fond of rural economy, and his abilities were soon confessed. Monsieur Mouchou, who thought to instruct Augi, was soon convinced of the superiority of his knowledge; he

was charmed with him. And in giving his daughter to him he said, My dear Felicité, I give you the best young man in the kingdom.

Augi, blessed with an amiable wife, in a country where innocence of manners still reigned, was for a time the happiest of men: how delightfully did the years pass away. Adored by his wife, whom he loved with the fondest affection, in the course of twelve years he beheld her the mother of his six children; who with himself was the blessing of his father and mother-in-law.

This happy family, enriched by the produce of their extensive estates, without oppression or injustice towards their tenants, became the possessors of an immense fortune; which flowed in regular channels to enrich the industrious and comfort the poor throughout the whole canton.

But there is no stability in the happiness of this world. The dreadful revolution in 1789 destroyed that of this united family. Augi, the happy, the good Augi, who was guilty of no crime, was accused by secret enemies of monopoly; his house was pillaged and destroyed, and himself seized and massacred. His father and mother-in-law also perished by the hands of the rioters. His amiable wife, unable to sustain such accumulated calamities, died of sorrow; leaving six innocent orphans, who were cruelly taken to the Hospital for Les Enfants Trouvés. Oh liberty, how dearly art thou bought by a nation, when the purchase is CRUELTY and CRIME!

POETRY.

Miss Holford, author of *Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk*, has lately published a volume of Poems.—The following is the dedication of the work.

FROM THE SCOURGE.

TO MY MOTHER.

“My Mother, thou hast not forgot the hour
 Tho’ Time since then is far upon his way,
 When youth and beauty crown’d thy bridal bower,
 And on thy lap thy first-born infant lay,
 Catching the parting breath of ling’ring May,
 Which as it whisper’d o’er thy green alcove,
 Gave life and freshness to the fervid day,
 O’er thee the woodbine’s flexile tendrils wove,
 And wafted on thine ear the woodland song of love.
 Nor did the sportive Zephyr as it flew
 Thro’ vales where Flora’s modest train repose,
 Or the bright meadow spangled o’er with dew,
 From morn’s first blush to even’s fragrant close,
 Fan with his wing, than thee, a fairer rose!
 Such wert thou, when the natal genius stood
 Beside thy couch, and wav’d his hand,
 and smil’d:
 His bright eye shed of light a glittering flood,
 Half did’st thou fear that aspect strange and wild,
 As with immortal hand, he touched the unconscious child!
 “Fear not,” he cried, “my office is to bless!
 Which of the toys that mortal’s blessings name
 Shall deck thy babe, be thou the arbitress:
 The gift be thine of beauty, wealth or fame;
 Mine be the task to grant, and thine to claim!”
 Just then a crystal mirror or thine eye
 Reflects a pallid cheek, a languid frame:
 “See! beauty flies the transient agony!
 I ask not for my babe what blooms so soon to die!
 “And genius! well I know that gold in vain
 Swells the clos’d coffer and encrusts the heart;
 But the sad vigil kept thro’ nights of pain,
 Grief’s throbbing ulcer, envy’s rankling smart,

To lull, and to appease, has wealth the art?
 No! I would lead my child, where lurking care
 Ne’er whets the sting, or brandishes the dart;
 Would lead it to yon fairy region, where
 No cloud obscures the sky, no vapour loads the air!
 “When on the vivid flower no canker preys,
 That decks the bank of dancing Hypocrene;
 When Fancy’s rule, the laughing realm obeys,
 Obedience mild, a willing meed I ween;
 For who would rebel prove to such a queen?
 Be this the boon!” The natal genius smil’d,
 Auspicious thus the guardian’s brow serene,
 “Go range,” he cried, “the visionary wild,
 Where fickle fancy reigns, a wayward wandering child!”
 Since then, thro’ every mountain, dell, or grove,
 Wherever fountain gushed or murmur’d rill,
 Fancy beheld her fondest votary rove,
 Her grassy glens, and climb each mist-crown’d hill,
 And thus the tranced pilgrim wanders still:
 And who would rudely break the enthusiast’s dream,
 Or vex with worldly cares that bosom’s thrill,
 As bending pensive o’er some vizard stream;
 It ponders silently, the sweet yet lofty theme?
 Mother! how oft the lucre-loving sire
 Commits his offspring to ungenial skies,
 Sends him to burn beneath the tropic fire,
 And waste far off his native energies,
 To glad with foreign gold a parent’s eyes!
 And has thy child, a thriftless wand’rer, stray’d,
 Bringing for thee no tributary prize?
 Lo! at thy feet, a varied garland laid,
 Of blossoms pluck’d for thee from fancy’s flow’ry glade.”

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

THE RANZ DES VACHES.

Mr. Montgomery has indulged himself in an imitation of the famous *Ranz des Vaches*: a Swiss tune, of no distinguishable merit or force, to a stranger; yet so affecting to the mind of a Swiss absent from home (by association of ideas, no doubt), as to have caused *consumptions* and other FATAL maladies, known under the name of "the home sickness," among the Swiss troops in the service of France. The musicians of those troops were therefore, forbidden to play it: and very properly:—for what could be more afflicting than the recollection of pastoral pleasures among a people, the creatures of art; or an echo of the sentiments of liberty in a land of oppression;—Is it now played in Switzerland itself?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour,
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos coteaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau;
Dans l'ombre d'un orneau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalu-
meau?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour;
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère?

IMITATION.

O, when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection ex-
plore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid
I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white
mead
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of
the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat
Where all my fond objects of tenderness
meet,
The lambs and the heifers that follow my
call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit, the land of my birth?
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the
earth.

Mr. M. will excuse an attempt at
closer imitation: for which we are
obliged to a correspondent:

When shall I see—delightful day!
All that I love, though far away:
The homesteads
And clear fountains,
The flowry meads
And mountains,
With her—the grace of hill and dell
The blithe and gentle Isabel?
Ah! when beneath the elm tree's
shade,
Dance to the pipe, with that dear
maid?

When shall I see—delightful day!
All that I love, though far away:
My father,
And my mother;
My sister,
And my brother;
My lambkins, and my kine;—
And call their lovely mistress mine?

ON PROCRASTINATION.

By Hebat Allah Ibn Altalmith.

Youth is a drunken noisy hour,
With every folly fraught;
But man, by age's chast'ning power,
Is sober'd into thought.

Then we resolve our faults to shun,
And shape our course anew;
But ere the wise reform 's begun
Life closes on our view.

The travellers thus who wildly roam,
Or heedlessly delay,
Are left, when they should reach their
home,
Benighted on the way.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Communications for this head from authors and booksellers *post paid*, will be inserted free of expense. Articles of Literary Intelligence inserted by the booksellers in the United States' Gazette, or in the Freeman's Journal, will be copied into this magazine without further orders.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By D. Mallory & Co., Boston,

Published, Comstock on Education. Essays on the duty of Parents and their Children, designed for the use of families, and the higher class in schools.

By T. & J. Swords, New York,

Published, Observations on the Climate in different parts of America, compared with the climate in corresponding parts of the other continent. To which are added, Remarks on the different complexions of the human race; with some account of the aborigines of America. Being an introductory discourse to the History of North Carolina. By Hugh Wilson, M. D. LL. D. Member of the Holland Society of Sciences, of the Society of Arts and Sciences, Utrecht, of the American Philosophical Society, &c.

Also, A treatise on Malignant Epidemic, commonly called Yellow Fever; interspersed with remarks on the nature of Fever in general, &c. and an Appendix, in which is republished a number of Essays written by different authors on this epidemic, with the addition of original notes; containing also a few original and selected cases, with critical remarks, by Elisha North.

Warner & Hanna, Baltimore,

Have just received from Boston, A Practical Treatise on Pleading in Assumpsit, by E. Lawes, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. To which is added, the decisions of the American Courts. By Joseph Story.

By Whiting & Watson, New York,

Price 37 1-2 cents per No., The Christian Observer, No. 1, Vol. 10, for January, 1811. To be continued monthly, as received from London.

By Samuel Wood, New York,

Published, A new school book, entitled The New York Expositor, or Fifth Book.

By Anthony Finley, Philadelphia,

Observations on some of the Diseases of the Rectum and Anus; particularly stricture of the rectum, the Hemorrhoidal evescence, and Fistula in Ano. By Thomas Copeland, Fellow of the College of

Surgeons, and Assistant Surgeon to the Westminster general Dispensary.

"Alitur vitium, vivitque tegendo."

By Bradford & Inskip, Philadelphia

Published, An Oration on Masonry, delivered at St. John's church, in the city of Philadelphia, at the request of the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, on St. John's Day, June 24, 1811, by Jas. Milnor, Esq., Grand Master. To which is prefixed an account of the order of the procession and of the ceremonies attending the consecration and dedication of the Masonic Hall.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By W. E. Norman, Hudson, N. Y.

Poems on religious and moral subjects, by Osander.

Wm. Simons, Newport, R. I.

To publish by subscription, Essays of Howard, or Tales of the Prison, originally printed in the New York Columbian, and supposed to be written by a debtor who has been confined for sixteen years in N. York Debtors' Jail.

Ezra Sargeant, New York,

To publish, Practical Piety; or the influence of the Religion of the Heart, on the conduct of the Life. By Hannah More.

T. & B. Wait, Boston, and Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport,

To publish, Philosophy of Rhetoric. By George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Edinburgh, Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen.

"Certo sciant homines, artes invenienti solidas et veras adolescere, et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis." Bac. de Aug. Scient. l. v. c. 3. A New edition, with the author's last additions and corrections.

By Saml. T. Armstrong, Boston,

To reprint, in four handsome octavo volumes, An Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews, by John Owen, D. D.

By Edward J. Coale, Baltimore,

To publish, A pamphlet, entitled, "The Three Patriots," or the Cause of and Cure for present evils. Addressed to the Voters of Maryland.

By B. B. Hopkins & Co. Philad.

To publish, *Self-Control*, a New and highly interesting Novel, recently published in Edinburgh.

By J. Low, New York,

To publish, *Meditations and Contemplations on the sufferings of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ*; in which the history of the passions, as given by the four Evangelists, is connected, harmonized and explained, with suitable Prayers and offices of Devotion, by J. Rambach, D. D. Late of the University of Glessen.

Recent British Publications.

Religion and Policy, and the countenance and assistance each should give the other. With a view of the power and jurisdiction of the pope in the dominions of other princes. From an unpublished MS. By Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

Cottage Dialogues among the Irish peasantry, by Mary Leadbeater. With notes and a preface, by Maria Edgeworth. In one vol. duodecimo, price six shillings, in boards.

By J. Power, 34, Strand, and W. Power, 4, Westmoreland street, Dublin, price 3s. a Melologue upon National Music, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

J. Power begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, that, having purchased the copy-right of Mr. Moore's Musical Compositions from Mr. Carpenter, he is now preparing for the Press, in one splendid volume, (the revision of which Mr. Moore has been pleased to undertake,) in addition to several new pieces which he has since composed.

The Dramatic works of Ben Jonson, and Beaumont & Fletcher: the first printed from the text, and with the notes of Peter Whalley; the latter from the text and with the notes of the late George Colman, Esq. In four thick volumes royal octavo, with portraits, price in extra boards, 5l. or in four volumes quarto 7l.

Memoirs of Sir Thomas More, with a new translation of his *Utopia*, his *Richard III.* and his Latin poems, by A. Cayley, Esq. handsomely printed, in two vols. 4to. with fine heads of More and Erasmus. Price 2l. 2s. in boards.

Pleasures of Possession: or the Enjoyment of the Present Moment, contrasted with those of Hope and Memory. A Poem by Charles Verral.

"Who of man's race is immortal?"

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Lavater.

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